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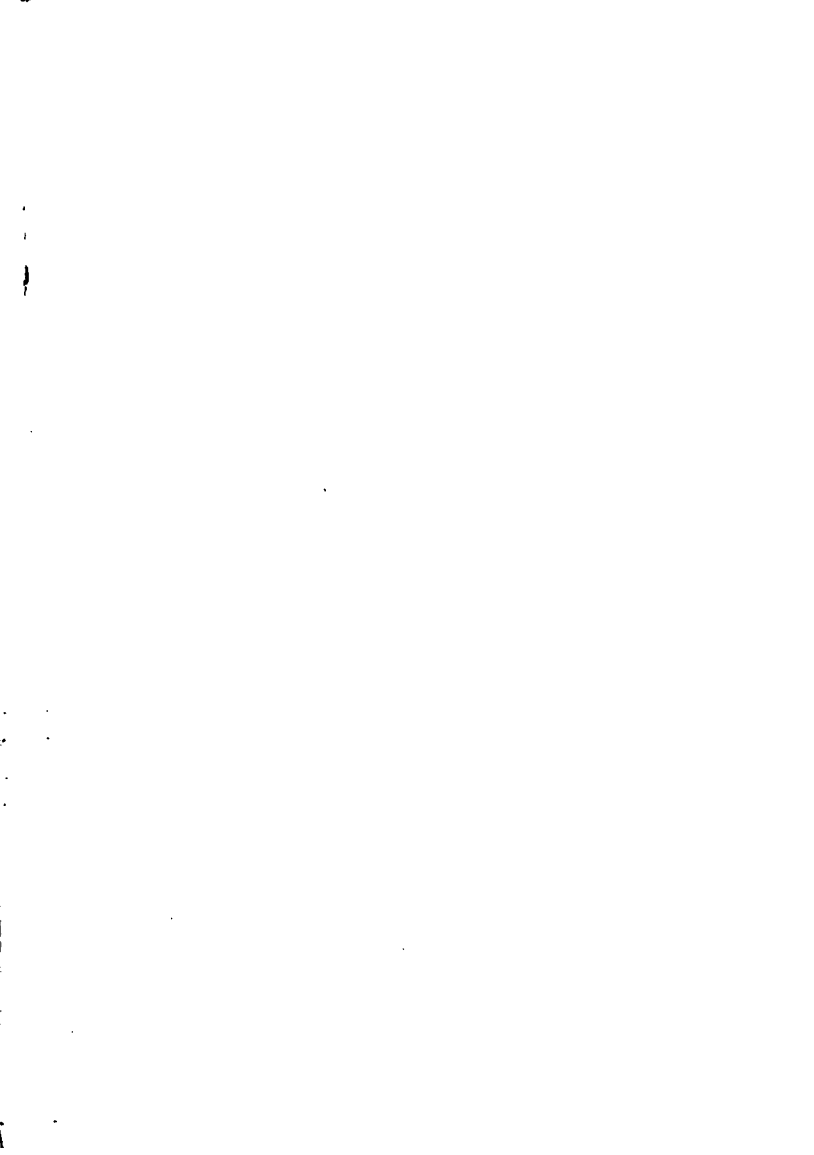
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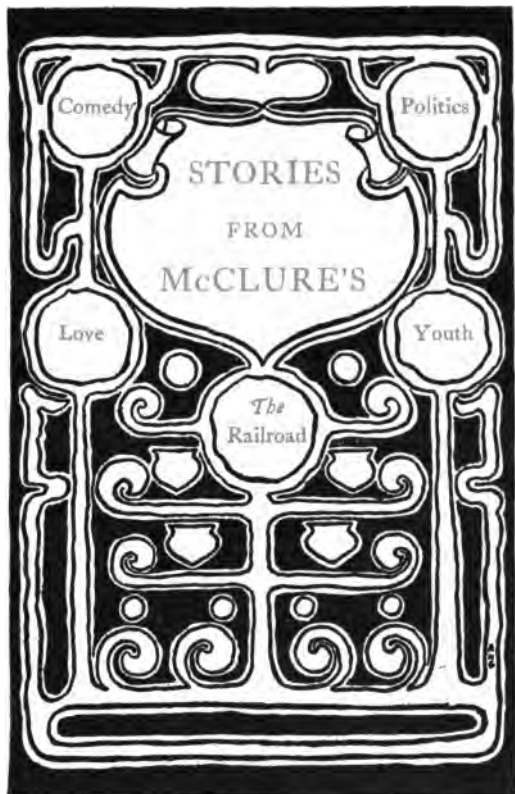
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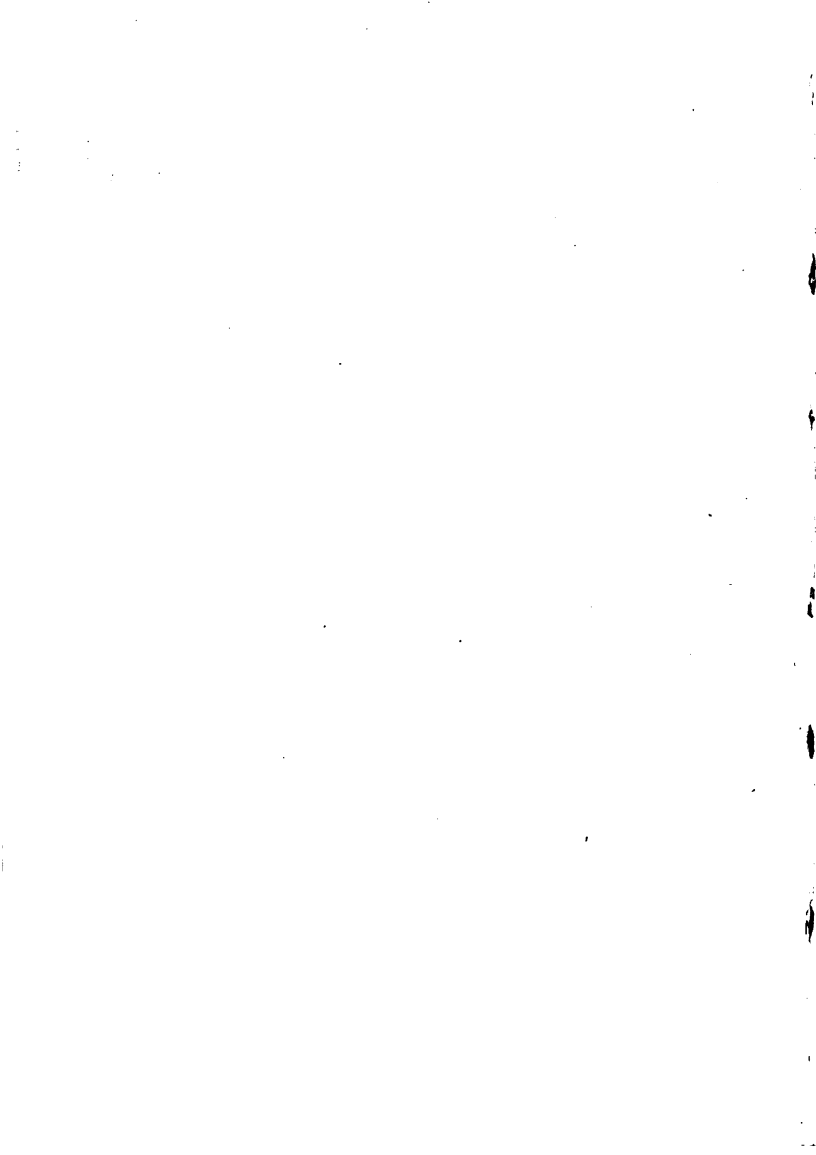
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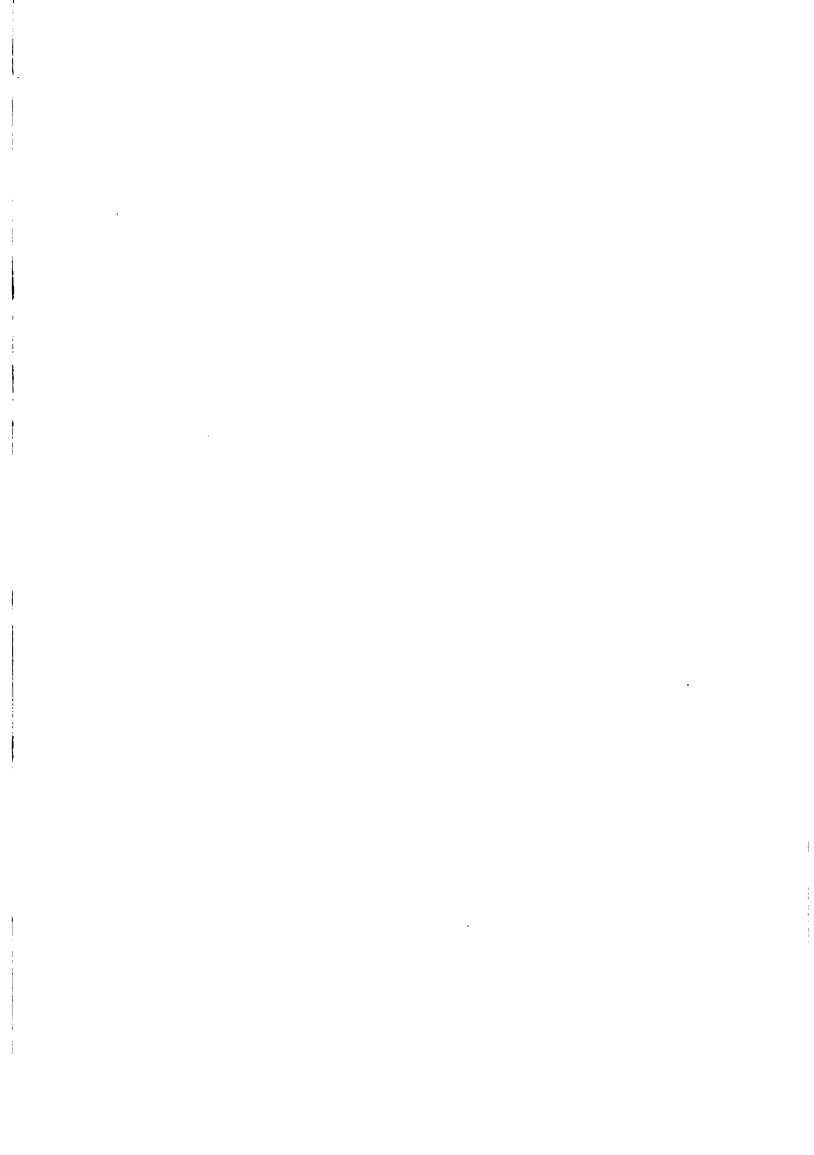
Youth

*The*  
Railroad











*Drawn by Charles Louis Hinton.*

" Sounds grew fewer, fainter, farther away—a door  
slammed somewhere—then—silence."

*A Little Feminine Casabianca.*

# Youth



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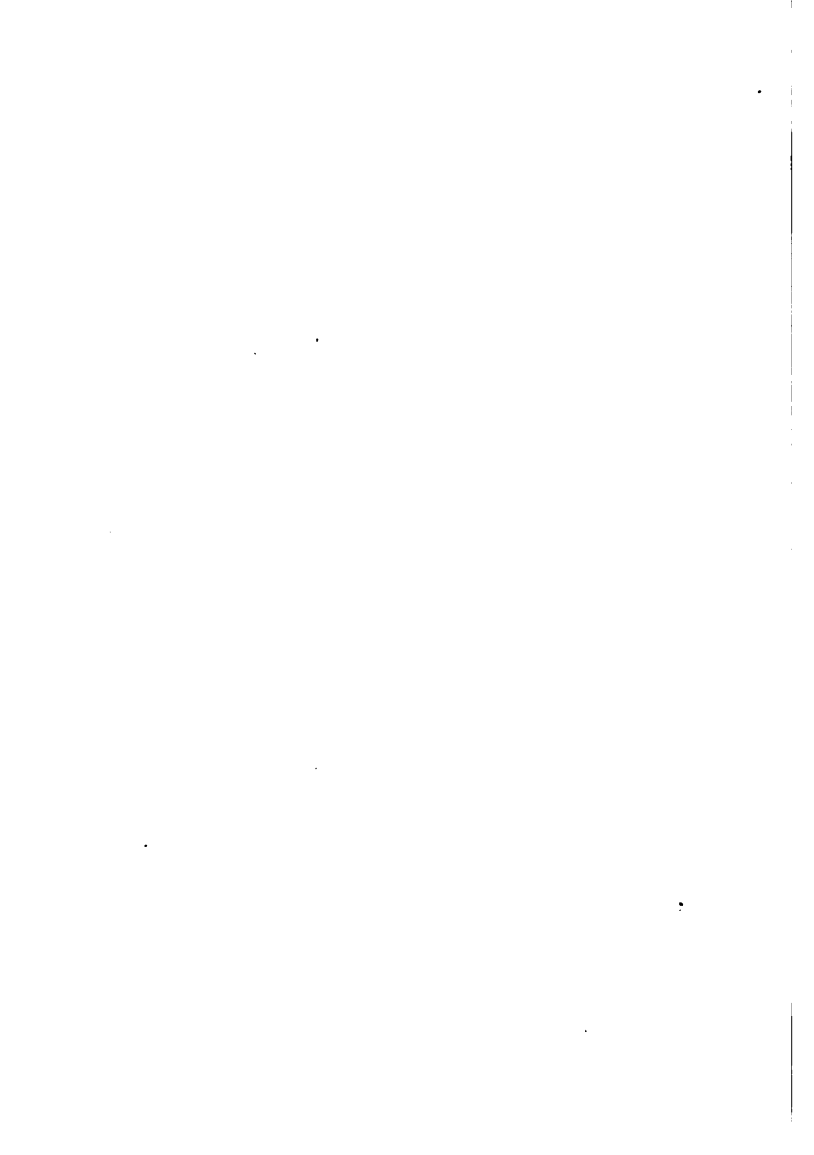
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# THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER





# THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

*DOES IT GET WEIGHED? OR YET  
WADE?*

UNCERTAINTY OF MANY SCHOOL CHILDREN  
UPON THE SUBJECT

By MARION HILL

A FEW nights ago, at a home dinner party, one gentleman present, having occasion to quote a few lines of "America," bungled amazingly, as is usual in such attempts, and had finally to desist through ignorance. Seeking for help among his fellows, he found that they, too, knew but little more of the song than the opening lines. Amidst the comments

aroused by this not unprecedented incident, the host's ten-year-old daughter volunteered to help the big folk out, and did so by correctly reciting all the verses. In response to flattering questions, she said that she had been taught the song at school. With pardonable pride she added, "I will write it for you, if you like."

Of course we liked, and we furnished her with quieting paper and pencil; and then straightway began to forget her in our vigorous volleys of praise anent the whole-heartedness of public-school education. But she again brought herself to notice by shortly presenting us with the following lines, very prettily written, and, as may be seen, intelligently titled and put into verse form:

#### AMERICA

My country, tissuf the  
Sweet land of libaet tea,  
Of thee I sing.  
Land where my father died,  
Land where the Pilgrims pried,  
From ev'ry mountain side,  
Let fridmen ring.

My native country the  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love.  
I love thy rots and chills,  
Thy woods and temper pills,  
My heart with ratcher thrills  
Like that above.

Mingled with our amusement was consternation, for this little girl was not only more than ordinarily intelligent, but was also a remarkably good speller, and when she wrote "rots and chills," she most certainly meant nothing less than the indicated putrefactions and ague.

In connection with what follows, this point of spelling is an important one to note. Had the child been stupid and backward, her rendering of "My country" would have been no menace to patriotism, for when a little American bubbles over in hymns to liberty, and means liberty even while writing "libaet tea," the moral exaltation is not impaired in the least; but this child knew enough to spell liberty correctly, had she wanted to use the word. It behooved us, then, to find out what on earth she did mean; so to that end we questioned her, and in giving her replies,

we call attention to their unfailing intelligence and directness, even where she was most at fault.

"What is 'libaet tea'?"

"One of our imports, I guess, from China."

"And what is 'tissuf'?"

"I don't know."

"What do you think it is?"

"Maybe it is to fill out the line. Poetry has something that is called meter; maybe 'tissuf' makes the right meter."

"What do you mean by 'pried'?"

"Why, pry means to come where you are not asked to come!" This with a tinge of pity for the ignorance that could ask such a question.

"Then the Pilgrims pried into America?"

"Yes, I think so. Nobody invited them."

"What is 'fridmen'?"

"I don't know. I have thought that over, and can't make any sense to it."

"Why do you love 'rots and chills'?"

"I don't."

"But you say here that you do."

"Oh, *I* don't say it; it's the poetry says that."

"Well, what does the poetry mean by it?"

"I think it means that we must forgive a great many unpleasant things about our country, and say we like them just out of politeness."

"What are 'temper pills'?"

"Pills for temper, don't you think?"

"Did you ever see any such pills?"

"No. Did you? But I'd like to have some."

"Why?"

No answer to this except a half-shy, half-wicked little smile toward her parents.

"What is 'rather'?"

"I really don't know."

"Haven't you any idea?"

"Yes, it sounds like a disease."

"How so?"

"It says, 'like that above'—and there are chills a few lines above; and thrills are a sort of chills anyhow. I looked it up in my dictionary."

"This is truly wonderful!" we gasped; and as a reward for the tribute we were invited to attend her school on the morrow, because it would be "patriotic Friday," and we could hear them "speak pieces, sing war songs, salute the flag, and talk patriotic things."

Her invitation was too rich in suggestion to resist entirely, and we did visit a school on the "patriotic" morrow; but deciding that our little friend's school had already spoken for itself, we visited another.

A class of about fifty clean, bright-eyed, wriggling boys and girls appeared perfectly charmed at being asked to perform their patriotic exercises, and executed them with a vim and thoroughness very creditable to themselves and to their teacher. They sang as many as a dozen patriotic songs; they knew more about Dewey, Sampson, Schley, and Hobson than those heroes know themselves; they recited more historical facts about George Washington than could be beguiled out of an ordinary man at the point of a pistol (one little girl essayed the life of Theodore Roosevelt, but being unable to

keep the lightning-rod and electricity and a kite out of her narrative, sat down bathed in tears); they gave quotations in prose and poetry inculcating love of country; and, with especial ardor, they united in a pretty ceremony which they called "S'lutin' the Flag." The teacher conducted this salute by successive taps of her hand-bell. Tap one, and a curly-haired lassie mounted the platform and unfurled Old Glory; tap two, and the entire class sprang to their feet as one child; tap three, and every hand made a military salute to the accompaniment of the rousing words, "We give our heads and our hearts to our country. One country, one language, one flag!" At the final word every little right hand was raised, the forefinger pointing to the Stars and Stripes. This statuesque pose was sustained until a last tap relaxed the tense muscles and gave signal for the little ones to drop back into their seats. It brought a choke into the throat to see it.

But the demon of investigation was abroad, and refused to be throttled by sentiment. "Children, this has been very interesting; so interesting that I want to ask you



some questions about it. For instance, you say that you give your heads to your country: now will one of you tell me how you do that?"

Not immediately. Smiles faded, and a pall settled over the community. At last, one grimy paw waved tentatively.

"Well?"

"We could cut our heads off and give them that way."

The gloom deepened when this answer turned out to be amiss, and all thought desperately. Another paw waved. "What is your answer, little man?"

"We must keep our heads inside of a car window."

This answer seemed so to satisfy the class that it was cruelty to disabuse them. But it had to be done. Another period of horrified reflection ensued, out of which ventured two guesses:

"I could give my head to my country by letting some one put a bullet into it."

"I give my head to my country by putting my hand to my head in the s'lute."

The rejection of these advances created

such a weakness among the children that total dissolution was threatened, but a big, handsome boy in the rear saved the day. He was a very big boy, the class dunce probably; one of those chaps who promote themselves in the course of years simply by outgrowing their desks, and who in manhood make fine strides toward success untrammelled by learning. This long, lazy youth (whose extended limbs were undoubtedly the factors in the constant anguish of amusement to be seen on the face of the little boy in front of him) had been enjoying the exercises thus far as matters gotten up for his sole entertainment; but now, wishing a change of topic, he put an end to the present foolishness by rising suddenly unbidden and stating, with smiling decision, "*We can't* give our heads to our country. We only say so."

The children settled back in their seats with immense breaths of relief, and we felt that to refuse an explanation so patently incontrovertible would be to lower our dignity; we therefore succumbed.

The heart being a more mysterious organ

than the head, which is apt to flourish in memory by being unlawfully tapped by rulers, the second clause in the "s'lute" was passed over by the examiner. So, picking out a tiny damsel, he made on her these easy demands:

"'One country'—what country, little maid?"

"America, sir."

"Yes, indeed. And of course you know who discovered America?"

"Yes, sir. Columbia, sir."

"Well, nearly. Columbus—can you tell me his first name?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"Hail."

To offset this slip, the class was instructed to sing the song in mention, and their performance was beyond cavil, so hearty, so musical were their fresh young voices, and so inexhaustible were their memories—verse after verse rippling spontaneously forth, with never a book in sight!

"Do you like to sing patriotic songs?"

"YES, SIR!" this in a thundering chorus.

"Better than other songs?"

"YES, SIR!"

"Why?"

The chorus was silenced. After a pause a bullet-headed, philosophical young Teuton said, with a slowness characteristic of a deep thinker, "For pecause dey makes de piggest noise."

"What do you mean by patriotic, by patriotism?" was naturally the next question.

"Putting flags on your house when somebody dies."

"Getting a half holiday and going down town to holler at the soldiers as they go by."

"Patriotism's killin' Spaniards."

These definitions were given by boys, to the disgust of a tiny girl, who jumped up with an indignant pipe of, "Patriotism is love of your country."

The teacher, who, as might be expected, was not thoroughly enjoying herself, beamed approval at little miss; but the examiner felt

an unshaken pride in his own sex, for the reason that the boys' answers published the fact that with them patriotism was synonymous with action.

"What has your country ever done for you that you should love it?" was the next question.

Oddly enough, this simple query was a poser. A timid girl remarked that her country had given her an *exquisition*—something evidently very horrible, for she promptly put her head down upon her desk and howled with grief, utterly refusing to explain herself.

The blank, not to say terrified, faces of the youngsters forced the teacher from the subordinate part of listener to controller, and rising majestically from her seat, she commanded, "Children, mention five advantages you derive from being American citizens!"

With immediate cordiality they chanted in chorus, "Liberty, protection at home and abroad, self-government, free schools, and public libraries!"

*We* couldn't have touched the right but-

ton. Encouraged at such unanimous knowledge, we probed it a little, and elicited the facts that liberty meant being out of jail, that you got protection if you could find a policeman, and that self-government was doing as you pleased.

We now asked our victims if they would write for us a verse or two of their favorite patriotic song, and they made no objection, appearing even to like the employment. One child, announcing that she intended to write "Andy's quotation," asked that Andy be allowed to recite it for her as a help to her memory. Andy, who proved to be the long-limbed idler, gallantly went to the trouble of extricating himself from his desk, stepped into the aisle, and apparently repeated these words from Drake's Address to the American Flag:

Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Apparently. What he really did say was made manifest by his written words,

for he, too, chose to write the words for our inspection. We will reproduce them later.

Before commenting upon the papers handed in to us, we wish to present a significant statistic or two: The average age of this class was ten years and one month; in their last spelling review they had taken a percentage of eighty-eight; and they were now allowed to write the song of their own choosing. "The Star-Spangled Banner" seemed to be a general favorite, but certainly not through the merit of being understood; for, from the very beginning, where "dawn's early light" varied from the harmless shibboleth of "don selery eye" to the more sinister "darn surly lie," every line was garbled and twisted into some startling grotesqueness, the whole ending with the agonized appeal, "Oh, say does the star spangled Banner get weighed? or the home of the free? or the land of the brave?" A simple line in the second stanza, "blest with victory and peace," appeared once "less the fig trees and peas"; and another time, "bless with big trees apiece"; while the stanza con-

cluded by asking politely, "Does the star Spangled Banner yet wade?"

Of course, once in a while a phrase was rendered correctly, there being but one song which claimed the distinction of containing a line totally uncomprehended by any child using it. That song was Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the line being the one which pictures the God of Battles as "trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored." Without exception the word "vintage" was interpreted "village," and the rest of the line was varied to suit particular needs; one need expressing itself prosaically thus: "He is tramping round the village where the grapes arrive from shore."

The most damning quality of these extracts was their painfully exact spelling. They could mean nothing else than what they said. In a vilely spelled screed there is always a chance that it may mean the right thing in spite of appearances. For instance, one little chap handed in a paper with the simple, brief announcement, "Gloriglo, halua lua lura halua lua." It was evident at



a glance that this was the familiar chorus, "Glory, Glory, hallelujah;" and it was just as good spelled one way as another. But so much cannot be said for "the swine of each pastry Arctic Ocean," which was one child's conception of the "shrine of each patriot's devotion," and preceded the statement that Columbia "roared" safe through the storm. As Columbia had been stigmatized a few lines above as "the yam of the ocean," there must have been quite a mixture of pictures in that child's mind.

It is a pity that religious discussions are tabooed in our public schools, otherwise it might have been profitable to have interrogated the pupil who made a coy suggestion to "blast the popes that have made and preserved us a nation." Her mental concept may have "praised the power," but the situation admits of doubt.

Most of the songs were wonderfully well written and punctuated, the exceptions being rare. Following is given one of the rarest. The lad who wrote was probably tired.

Dam dam dam the boys are marching cheer  
up comrads they will come and aneath the tarny  
pag we will been an airn again in the freedom  
of our annie ammie ome.

The translation we reserve to ourselves;  
but of course we cannot prevent the per-  
severing few from finally reducing the  
"tarny pag," "been an airn," and "annie  
ammie ome" to simpler terms.

Believing that little children are never too  
young to be taught to reverence and love  
their country and to understand its heart-  
songs, and believing also that a Columbia  
which is pictured as a cross between a yam  
and swine cannot be a very lovely figure in  
a little patriot's mind, the compiler of these  
notes ventures to suggest that when our lit-  
tle tots at school are taught the words of  
patriotic songs, plentiful and constantly re-  
peated explanation should go hand in hand  
with such instruction. Beautiful, indeed, is  
it to see a class give signs of thorough drill in  
inspiring exercises of collective patriotism;  
but to be ardently effective, the drill should  
begin with the individual. Then might

Andy see some beauty in his address to his  
loved flag, which at present he is rendering  
thus:

Forever wave that standing cheat  
Where breeze the foe but falls beforus,  
With freedoms oil beneath our feet  
And freedom's banner screaming orus.

**A LITTLE FEMININE CASA-  
BIANCA**



# A LITTLE FEMININE CASA- BIANCA

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

**T**HE close of the first week of Emmy Lou's second year at a certain large public school found her round, chubby self, like a pink-cheeked period, ending the long line of intermingled little boys and girls making what was known, twenty-five years ago, as the First-Reader class. Emmy Lou had spent her first year in the Primer class, where the teacher, Miss Clara by name, had concealed the kindest of hearts behind a brusque and energetic manner, and had possessed, along with her red hair and temper tinged with that color also, a sharp voice that, by its unexpected snap in attacking some small sinner, had caused Emmy Lou's little heart to jump many times

a day. Here Emmy Lou had spent the year in strenuously guiding a squeaking pencil across a protesting slate, or singing in chorus, as Miss Clara's long wooden pointer went up and down the rows of words on the spelling-chart: "A-t, at; b-a-t, bat; c-a-t, cat," or "a-n, an; b-a-n, ban; c-a-n, can." Emmy Lou herself had so little idea of what it was all about, that she was dependent on her neighbor to give her the key to the proper starting-point heading the various columns—"a-t, at," or "a-n, an," or "e-t, et," or "o-n, on"; after that it was easy sailing. But one awful day while the class stopped suddenly at Miss Clara's warning finger as visitors opened the door, Emmy Lou, her eyes squeezed tight shut, her little body rocking to and fro to the rhythm, went right on, "m-a-n, man," "p-a-n, pan"—until at the sound of her own sing-song little voice rising with appalling fervor upon the silence, she stopped, to find that the page in the meantime had been turned, and that the pointer was directed to a column beginning "o-y, oy."

Among other things incident to that first

year, too, had been Recess. At that time everybody was turned out into a brick-paved yard, the boys on one side of a high fence, the girls on the other. And here, waiting without the wooden shed where stood a row of buckets each holding a shiny tin dipper, Emmy Lou would stop on the sloppy outskirts for the thirst of the larger girls to be assuaged, that the little girls' opportunity might come—together with the dregs in the buckets. And at Recess, too, along with the danger of being run into by the larger girls at play and having the breath knocked out of one's little body, which made it necessary to seek sequestered corners and peep out thence, there was The Man to be watched for and avoided—the low, square, black-browed, black-bearded Man who brandished a broom at the little girls who dropped their apple-cores and crusts on the pavements, and who shook his fist at the jeering little boys who dared to swarm to the forbidden top and sit straddling the dividing fence. That Uncle Michael, the janitor, was getting old and had rheumatic twinges was indeed Uncle



Michael's excuse, but Emmy Lou did not know this, and her fear of Uncle Michael was great accordingly.

But somehow the Primer year wore away; and one day, toward its close, in the presence of Miss Clara, two solemn-looking gentlemen requested certain little boys to cipher and several little girls to spell, and sent others to the blackboard or the chart, while to Emmy Lou was handed a Primer, open at Page 17, which she was told to read. Knowing Page 17 by heart, and identifying it by its picture, Emmy Lou arose, and her small voice droned forth in sing-song fashion:

How old are you, Sue?  
I am as old as my cat.  
And how old is your cat?  
My cat is as old as my dog.  
And how old is your dog?  
My dog is as old as I am.

Having so delivered herself, Emmy Lou sat down, not at all disconcerted to find that she had been holding her Primer upside down.

Following this, Emmy Lou was told that

she had "passed"; and seeing from the jubilation of the other children that it was a matter to be joyful over, Emmy Lou went home and told the elders of her family that she had passed. And these elders, three aunties and an uncle (an uncle who was disposed to look at Emmy Lou's chubby self and her concerns in jocular fashion), laughed; and Emmy Lou went on wondering what it was all about, which never would have been the case had there been a mother among the elders, for mothers have a way of understanding these things. But to Emmy Lou "mother" had come to mean but a memory which faded as it came, a vague consciousness of encircling arms, of a brooding, tender face, of yearning eyes; and it was only because they told her that Emmy Lou remembered how mother had gone away South, one winter, to get well. That they afterward told her it was Heaven, in no wise confused Emmy Lou, because, for aught she knew, South and Heaven and much else might be included in these points of the compass. Ever since then Emmy Lou had lived with the three aunties and the

uncle; and papa had been coming a hundred miles once a month to see her.

When Emmy Lou went back to school for the second year, she was told that she was now in the First Reader. If her heart had jumped at the sharp accents of Miss Clara, it now grew still within her at the slow, awful enunciation of the Large Lady in black bombazine who reigned over the department of the First Reader, pointing her morals with a heavy forefinger, before which Emmy Lou's eyes lowered with every aspect of conscious guilt. Nor did Emmy Lou dream that the Large Lady, whose black bombazine was the visible sign of a loss by death that had made it necessary for her to enter the school-room to earn a living, was finding the duties incident to the First Reader almost as strange and perplexing as Emmy Lou herself.

Emmy Lou from the first day found herself descending steadily to the foot of the class; and there she remained until the awful day, at the close of the first week, when the Large Lady, realizing perhaps that she could no longer ignore such adherence to

that lowly position, made discovery that while to Emmy Lou "d-o-g" might *spell* "dog" and "f-r-o-g" might *spell* "frog," Emmy Lou could not find either on a printed page, and, further, could not tell wherein they differed when found for her; that, also, Emmy Lou made her figure 8's by adding one uncertain little o to the top of another uncertain little o; and that while Emmy Lou might copy, in smeary columns, certain cabalistic signs off the blackboard, she could not point them off in tens, hundreds, thousands, or read their numerical values, to save her little life. The Large Lady, sorely perplexed within herself as to the proper course to be pursued, in the sight of the fifty-nine other First-Readers pointed a condemning forefinger at the miserable little object standing in front of her platform, and said, "You will stay after school, Emma Louise, that I may examine further into your qualifications for this grade."

Now Emmy Lou had no idea what it meant—"examine further into your qualifications for this grade." It might be the form of punishment in vogue for the chas-

tisement of the members of the First Reader. But "stay after school" she did understand, and her heart sank, and her little breast heaved.

It was then past the noon recess. In those days, in this particular city, school closed at half-past one. At last the bell for dismissal had rung. The Large Lady, arms folded across her bombazine bosom, had faced the class, and with awesome solemnity had already enunciated, "Attention"; and sixty little people had sat up straight, when the door opened, and a teacher from the floor above came in.

At her whispered confidence, the Large Lady left the room hastily, while the strange teacher, with a hurried "one—two—three, march out quietly, children," turned, and followed her. And Emmy Lou, left sitting at her desk, saw through gathering tears the line of First-Readers wind around the room and file out the door, the sound of their departing footsteps along the bare corridors and down the echoing stairway coming back like a knell to her sinking heart. Then class after class from above marched

past the door and on its clattering way, while voices from outside, shrill with the joy of release, came up through the open windows in talk, in laughter, together with the patter of feet on the bricks. Then as these familiar sounds grew fewer, fainter, farther away, some belated footsteps went echoing through the building, a door slammed somewhere—then—silence.

Emmy Lou waited. She wondered how long it would be. There was watermelon at home for dinner; she had seen it borne in, a great, striped promise of ripe and juicy lusciousness, on the marketman's shoulder before she came to school. And here a tear, long gathering, splashed down the little pink cheek.

Still that awesome personage presiding over the fortunes of the First-Readers failed to return. Perhaps this was "the examination into—into—" Emmy Lou could not remember what—to be left in this big, bare room with the flies droning and humming in lazy circles up near the ceiling. The forsaken desks, with a forgotten book or slate left here and there upon them, the pegs

around the walls empty of hats and bonnets, the unoccupied chair upon the platform—Emmy Lou gazed at these with a sinking sensation of desolation, while tear followed tear down her chubby face. And listening to the flies and the silence, Emmy Lou began to long for even the Bombazine Presence, and dropping her quivering countenance upon her arms folded upon the desk, she sobbed aloud. But the time was long, and the day was warm, and the sobs grew slower, and the breath began to come in long-drawn quivering sighs, and the next Emmy Lou knew she was sitting upright, trembling in every limb, and some one coming up the stairs—she could hear the slow, heavy footfalls, and a moment later she saw The Man—the Recess Man, the low, black-bearded, black-browed, scowling Man—with the broom across his shoulder, reach the hallway, and make toward the open doorway of the First-Reader room. Emmy Lou held her breath, stiffened her little body, and—waited. But The Man pausing to light his pipe, Emmy Lou, in the sudden respite thus afforded, slid in a trembling heap

beneath the desk, and on hands and knees went crawling across the floor. And as Uncle Michael came in, a moment after, broom, pan, and feather-duster in hand, the last fluttering edge of a little pink dress was disappearing into the depths of the big, empty coal-box, and its sloping lid was lowering upon a flaxen head and cowering little figure crouched within. Uncle Michael having put the room to rights, sweeping and dusting, with many a rheumatic groan in accompaniment, closed the windows, and going out, drew the door after him, and, as was his custom, locked it.

Meanwhile, at Emmy Lou's home the elders wondered. "You don't know Emmy Lou," Aunt Cordelia, round, plump, and cheery, insisted to the lady visitor spending the day; "Emmy Lou never loiters."

Aunt Katie, the prettiest auntie, cut off a thick round of melon as they arose from the table, and put it in the refrigerator for Emmy Lou. "It seems a joke," she remarked, "such a baby as Emmy Lou going



to school, anyhow; but then she has only a square to go and come."

But Emmy Lou did not come. And by half-past two Aunt Louise, the youngest auntie, started out to find her. But as she stopped on the way at the houses of all the neighbors to inquire, and ran around the corner to Cousin Tom Macklin's to see if Emmy Lou could be there, and then, being but a few doors off, went on around that corner to Cousin Amanda's, the school-house, when she finally reached it, was locked up, with the blinds down at every front window as if it had closed its eyes and gone to sleep. Uncle Michael had a way of cleaning and locking the front of the building first, and going in and out at the back doors. But Aunt Louise did not know this, and, anyhow, she was sure that she would find Emmy Lou at home when she got there.

But Emmy Lou was not at home, and it being now well on in the afternoon, Aunt Katie and Aunt Louise and the lady visitor and the cook all started out in search, while Aunt Cordelia sent the house-boy downtown for Uncle Charlie. Just as Uncle

Charlie arrived—and it was past five o'clock by then—some of the children of the neighborhood, having found a small boy living some squares off who confessed to being in the First Reader with Emmy Lou, arrived also, with the small boy in tow.

"She didn't know 'dog' from 'frog' when she saw 'em," stated the small boy with the derision of superior ability, "an' teacher, she told her to stay after school. She was settin' there in her desk when school let out, Emmy Lou was."

But a big girl of the neighborhood objected. "Her teacher went home the minute school was out," she declared. "Isn't the new lady, Mrs. Samuels, your teacher?" this to the small boy. "Well, her daughter, Hattie, she's in my room, and she was sick, and her mother came up to our room and took her home. Our teacher, she went down and dismissed the First-Readers."

"I don't care if she did," retorted the small boy. "I reckon I saw Emmy Lou settin' there when we come away."

Aunt Cordelia, pale and tearful, clutched Uncle Charlie's arm. "Then she's there,

Brother Charlie, locked up in that dreadful place—my precious baby——”

“Pshaw!” said Uncle Charlie.

But Aunt Cordelia was wringing her hands. “You don’t know Emmy Lou, Charlie. If she was told to stay, she has stayed. She’s locked up in that dreadful place. What shall we do, my baby, my precious baby——”

Aunt Katie was in tears, Aunt Louise in tears, the cook in loud lamentations, Aunt Cordelia fast verging upon hysteria.

The small boy from the First Reader, legs apart, hands in knickerbocker pockets, gazed at the crowd of irresolute elders with scornful wonder. “What you want do,” stated the small boy, “is find Uncle Michael; he keeps the keys. He went past my house a while ago, going home. He lives in Rose Lane Alley. ’Tain’t much outer my way,” condescendingly; “I’ll take you there.” And meekly they followed in his footsteps.

It was dark when a motley throng of uncle, aunties, visiting lady, neighbors, and children went climbing the cavernous, echo-

ing stairway of the dark school building behind the toiling figure of the skeptical Uncle Michael, lantern in hand.

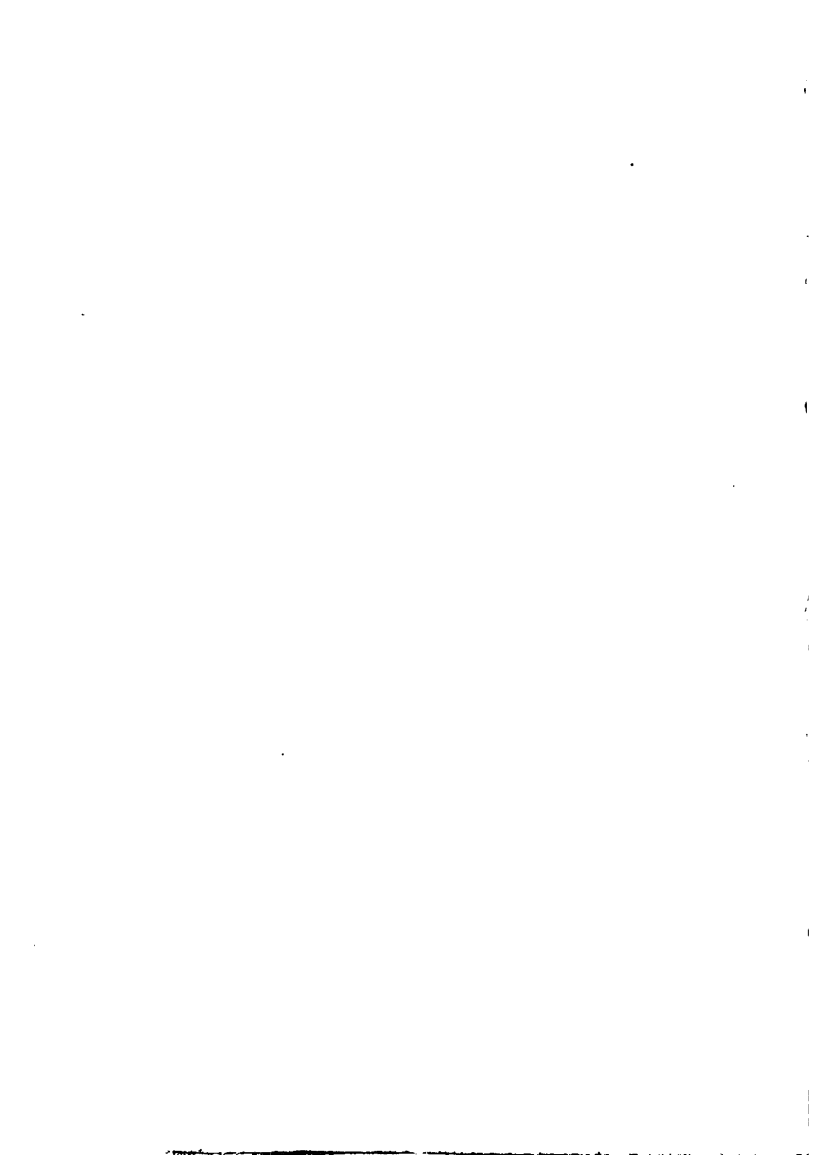
"Ain't I swept over every inch of this here school-house myself and carried the trash outten a dust-pan?" grumbled Uncle Michael, with what inference nobody just then stopped to inquire. Then with the air of a mistreated, aggrieved person who feels himself a victim, he paused before a certain door on the second floor, and fitted a key in its lock. "Here it is then, No. 9, to satisfy the lady," and he flung open the door. The light of Uncle Michael's lantern fell full upon the wide-eyed, terror-smitten person of Emmy Lou, in her desk, awaiting, her miserable little heart knew not what horror.

"She—she told me to stay," sobbed Emmy Lou in Aunt Cordelia's arms, "and I stayed; and the Man came, and I hid in the coal-box!"

And Aunt Cordelia, holding her close, sobbed too, and Aunt Katie cried, and Aunt Louise and the lady visitor cried, and Uncle Charlie passed his plump white hand over

his eyes, and said, "Pshaw!" And the teacher of the First Reader, when she heard about it next day, cried hardest of them all, so hard that not even Aunt Cordelia could cherish a feeling against her.

# A WHITE SHEEP



# A WHITE SHEEP

## *A STORY OF ORPHAN SCHOOL LIFE*

By G. K. TURNER

**T**HE colored youth was not strikingly intelligent, but he was deeply and impressively dramatic. He was the chance acquaintance of a summer afternoon—a great, still, empty Sunday afternoon in the country, when chance acquaintances are at a premium. He was a more than ordinarily accomplished storyteller. His fixed and distant eye, his great, glistening, crescent smile, and his enormous hands, gave vivid emphasis to his primitive but intense emotions. All that afternoon, this grotesque being—but three removes from the African jungle—sat beside me in that bare New England pasture and told me



the story of his short and unenviable career. Below us, behind the stone wall at the foot of the slope, the clumsy Sunday vehicles of the countryside rattled slowly by, and disappeared up the winding road in a trailing cloud of thick brown dust. And in the maple trees the vireos wound out their interminable sultry song.

His case was not unusual. The last two generations of his race had been seeing life in the slums of a great city. His parents, when he was but two years old, had succumbed almost simultaneously to delirium tremens, or some similar refinement of civilization, and left him in the great, cold lap of the mother State. At a tender age she had sent him out to bear the bitter bondage of a small New England farmer. Since then he had remained in this country place—a fixture, apparently, upon the soil. “Where were you,” I asked, “before they sent you here?”

“At the State primary school, Boss—the one in Munster.”

I knew the place. It is a big white, cold, old-fashioned barn of a building, set at the

summit of a barren hill. I remembered all I had seen there—the long lines of squirming, shuffling, bullet-headed small boys, looking for all the world like gray rats, in their dull State uniforms; the hulking, vicious big boys—half-fledged, callow criminals, hungering and thirsting after wickedness; the unfeminine little girls, with their sharp features and straight hair; the sickening smell of coarse boiled food in the empty kitchens; the rows of iron beds, the keepers, and, over all, the tall, lank, sallow superintendent, with his cold, fishy gray eyes and black side-whiskers, cut well up toward his cheekbones—a model for an immortal statue of the institution autocrat. It was no picture of happy childhood to treasure in a sentimental memory.

“Yes, sah,” he continued. “I was there foh a long time—from when I was jest a baby till I was most fo’teen.”

“How’d you like to go back, George,” said I, “and finish your education?”

The question excited him. He started up quickly from his lounging position. “I wouldn’t do it. No, sah. I don’t want none

of them educationin' me no more. I wouldn't go back there. No, sah; I'd die fust, I would. I'd die right hyar."

"Why not?" said I.

"Why not. 'Cause I wouldn't—that's why. Look hyar, Boss," he said, lowering his voice to a vast confidential whisper, "you don' know 'bout that there primary school. That was a bad place, it was. Yes, sah. They didn't act as if you had no feelin's there; they treat you jest lake you was sheeps or cows or dogs. The fellers there, too, they was mighty bad ones. Oh, they despret—fightin' all the time, jest lake lions and tigers. Yes, sah, and steal and lie and do everythin'. Oh, they was dangerous. You know that Ed Fitts that killed a woman in Manchester las' spring. He's one of 'em. Yes, sah, I knows him; he was there. And there's lots more of 'em there, too—jest such as him—in prison now hundreds of 'em."

"Weren't there any good ones?" I asked.

"No, sah, nothin' to speak of. They was most all jest the same as that."

"Say, George," said I, remembering the

famous investigation, "you must have been there when that Pierpont boy was there."

"Who's that?" said the youth; "that little fellow. Yes, sah, I remember him; I recollect him mighty well."

"What kind of a fellow was he?" said I.

"Oh, he was awful smart little feller, and a mighty good feller, too. He was different, he was; yes, sah."

"How'd he get along there?" said I.

"Say, Boss, I'll tell you all 'bout that little feller if you wants me to," said the youth.

"Go ahead," said I.

This was his story:

Yes, sah, that little feller, I recollect the very fust day he come there. I was wukkin' on the house job, and I was in the sup'inten'ant's office when they took him in. He was a little white, puny feller. His legs weren't no bigger'n little pieces of grass. But his eyes kept lookin', lookin' right straight ahead—jest lake a lion's. Yes, sah, he had terrible bright eyes, he did.

"What's you name?" says ol' sup'inten'ant.

"I dunno."

"You dunno?" says sup'inten'ant, kind o' mad lake.

Then the feller that brings him in says, "Cornelius Sullivan, that's his name."

"No 'tain't, neither," says little feller.

"That's what his mother says befoh she dies," says the man.

"She ain't my mother," says the little feller, starin' at the man, with them eyes a-blazin'.

"What's you name then?" says ol' sup'inten'ant.

"I dunno," says little feller, lookin' down.

"I don' remember; I was sick; I forgot."

"Guess he sick all right," says the man, rappin' on his head.

"You liar," says little feller. "You lemme go; you ain't got no right to take me hyar."

"That'll do; that'll do," says ol' sup'inten'ant. "You march inside there pretty mighty quick." So little feller march in; he couldn't do nothin' else.

They puts him in the Little Yard, 'long with the other little boys. Fust other fellers don' know whether they likes this little feller or not. Fust time new fellers come, they

all jest the same. Fust week they cry, cry all the time. This little feller different; he don' cry much—only a little, way round back where they don' see him. Then the fellers goes up to him: "Say, what's you name?"

He don' answer.

"Oh, never min', you all right; you'll lake it here. What's you name?"

He don' answer one word.

"I know what's his name," I says. "I heard it in sup'inten'ant's office. His name's Cornelius Sullivan."

"You liar," says little feller, "I ain't no Irish feller."

The other fellers, they all laugh when they hears that. There's all kinds of boys there—Irish, Italians, Germans, colored fellers—everythin', exceptin' only Chinamens. They ain't no Chinamens there. I guess not! No, sah; they'd kill *them*. Then one feller hollers out: "I'll tell you what' we'll do; we'll call him Irish." So after that they always calls him Irish—all the time.

Fust he don' like it; he wants to fight. Then he don' care 'tall. After a while they

all lake him better. He ain't afraid of nothin'. Fust day he come he wants to fight Mike Finnegan. That Mike Finnegan, he's the biggest feller there is in the Yard. Everybody's 'fraid of him; he's 'busin' you all the time, makin' you do things you don' want to, and twistin' you arm and all such as that. Fust day Irish comes, he's twistin' little feller's arm, when the Boss of the Yard ain't lookin'.

"Oh, lemme go, lemme go," little feller hollerin' like that, kind of under his breath, so Boss can't hear him. "*Please* lemme go; I won't never do it again."

Irish, he walks right up to him. He say: "Leggo him, you big caff, you." Then nobody say a word. Seems lake he ain' more'n half as big as Mike.

Mike stops twistin' little feller. "Who goin' to make me?" he say.

"I am."

"Who's you?"

Oh, they'd been a fight right there, only the Boss he come back. Out there at school you can't fight, without you gets permission. No, sah. If you does, they goin' to lam-

baste you. So Mike, he say, under his breath lake: "You jest wait; I'll fix *you*." After that they both waitin', waitin'. Irish he don' say nothin', but he ain' 'fraid, neither.

Right after that they had that fight with them town fellers down at Munster. Out there at school you's all graded—fust grade and second grade and third grade and all lake that—'cordin' to how puffect actin' you is. Fust grade and second grade can go down town sometimes. All the others, they can' go outside the groun's. When the fellers go down to town they shamed—they all walk with their heads down, lake this—all jest the same, I don' care who 'tis—jest lake they was in prison. Only Irish when he fust come, he don' care. He hol' his head right up in the air.

Well, that time I was tellin' you 'bout, whole lot of school fellers goes down to Munster. The other day jest before that, Munster fellers comes up to school to play base-ball, and we licks 'em. We always does—those fellers at school plays ball all the time—ever since they so high. Munster fellers, they mad. When they sees school



fellers down town, they all holler "Jail-bird, Jail-bird," loud's they can holler.

That make school fellers mighty mad; only they won't fight; they don' dare to for fear what they'll get when they gets back to school. But Irish starts it; he ain't 'fraid.

Then pretty soon they all fightin'—throwin' rocks, too. One Munster feller gets his head cut mighty bad. Then they all runs; they ain't hollerin' "Jail-bird" no more. School fellers foller 'em, throwin' stones and rocks. They don' care now; they started, they despret; chase Munster fellers all over, and break winders and holler.

Then right away Munster cop comes along, and they runs back to school. He can't catch 'em; he ain't no good—big fat feller, different from city cop. He's nothin' only one of them kind of farmer policemen. He comes up to school right away, puffin' and blowin', and goes to ol' sup'inten'ant. He says: "Them boys been down breakin' winders and chasin' our boys. They most kill one feller." He don' say nothin' 'bout them Munster fellers beginnin' it.

Then ol' sup'inten'ant calls fellers all in

and gets 'em all up in a row. He say:

"Who's that hit that Munster boy?"

"I dunno."

"I dunno."

Nobody knows.

"Sit on the bench foh eight days," he say. Yes, sah, eight days. Just lake, say, to-day's Monday; well, way round by Monday again. Jest set there; can't go out 'tall. When sup'inten'ant say that, Irish he jump right up. "Don' keep 'em in," he say, "I'm the feller; I started it."

"Oh, you did, did yer?"

"Yes, sah. They hollerin': 'Jail-birds, jail-birds,' all the time. They ain't got no right to holler at us lake that. I ain't no jail-bird."

"Oh, you ain't, ain't yer? I'll show yer. I'm goin' to jail-bird *you*."

Then ol' sup'inten'ant takes him right out before rest of 'em, and lambastes him awful. Irish he don' holler or nothin'. Only he jest kind of white and ol' lookin'. Ol' sup'inten'ant can't make *him* cry. And it don' make no difference after all. We all sets on the bench eight days jest the same.

After that, fellers all lake Irish—all only Mike Finnegan, he don' lake him; he's 'busin' him all the time. Irish he wants to fight him. He goin' to the Boss all the time and sayin' "I wants to fight that feller."

Out there to school you fights—they don' mind it 'tall—providin' you goes and gets permission. Then they makes a ring, lake that, and they all stan' round and the Boss he say: "Ready—go." Then they fights. They don' hol' their hands up lake that; they holds 'em down, this a way. Oh, they fighters down there; they know how—little fellers, no bigger'n that.

When Irish asks the Boss, he just laugh and say: "You don' want to fight him; you ain't big enough." But all the time Irish keeps at him. He's gettin' stronger lookin' then, all the time. The ol' woman who had him before didn't give him enough to eat, so he's better off at school. Pretty soon Boss he say: "All right; go ahead."

Then they makes the ring, and they goes at it. Golly, how they fights. They never see no fightin' lake that there before. Mike

Finnegan, he's biggest feller in the Yard, and mighty good fighter too. Irish, he's only a little feller, but you never see such a fighter. He went foh him, and smashed him and hammered him, jest sayin' nothin' 'tall, only fightin'. Mike he couldn't stan' it. He had to quit. Little feller had him licked all to pieces. Then how they hollered; and the Boss, he jest laugh and laugh. "What's matter with you, Mike?" he say. "Sick?"

Mike he don' say nothin'.

"Look hyar," says Boss to Mike. "Don' you try none of you dirty tricks on that feller. If you do, you goin' to be mighty sorry."

That Mike, he mighty mean feller; he do anythin'. After that, Irish, he's head rooster of that Yard. All the fellers lake him too, mighty well. Little while after that our Boss, he leaves. He's got another job. Fellers hates to have him go. They lakes him, better'n teachers, or anybody. They makes him a mighty fine box out of wood in the wuk-shop, wukkin' playtimes to get it done. And they buys him a gran' necktie

down to Munster—one of them red velvet ones, with gold spots in it.

The next Boss he's mighty different. He's kind of relation to the sup'inten'ant, and he don't care. He's big fat feller, with great big neck, and awful red face. Fellers don' lake him 'tall. He's all time hollerin' and interferin'. He don' call us by our name, neither—only jest by number. He say: "You all got numbers, ain't you, where you sleeps and eats?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, then, I'm goin' to call you by number, understan'? I ain't got no time to learn all you names."

He's all time sayin', "Hyar, Hyar! Look hyar, you stop that." And "go get my coat," and "black my shoes." And "you do that" and "you do this." He don' do nothin' himself. Then he's smashin' us all the time. For nothin', too; he can't stop it. Everybody's 'fraid; he's strong jest lake a giant. Irish, he's lucky; he keeps out of his way long time. By and by one day, Boss he hollers "Number 14"—that's his number—"you come hyar."

Irish he don' budge.

Then he holler again.

Irish he don' stir.

He say: "Oh, you won't, won't yer?" and he goes over and gets him. Boys all mighty solemn. "What you mean not comin' when I calls yer?"

"You didn't call me."

"Didn't I call you number?"

"I dunno, and I don' care; I ain't no number, I'se a boy. I got a name jest same you has."

Then Boss he starts to smash him. But he don' smash him much. Foh all of a sudden the fellers they can' stan' it no longer. They all breaks loose and comes for him, more'n about fifty of 'em. Oh, they despret. They climbs all over that Boss; they knocks him down, and poun's him, and kicks him fearful—yes, sah—and breaks his watch. He hollers loud's he can holler. All the rest comes rushin' in; ol' sup'inten'ant and all. Sup'inten'ant, he say: "What's this? What's this?" He terrible mad.

New Boss he can't hardly speak.

"This goin' to stop," says ol' sup'inten'ant. "Who's the fellers started it?"

"That's the feller," says the new Boss,

puffin' and blowin', pointin' his finger at Irish.

"So, it's you again, is it?" says ol' sup'inten'ant, jest glarin' at him fearful.

"'Tain't my fault," says Irish. "He's smashin' us all the time, and callin' us numbers. He ain't got no right to. Look-a there, where he's been smashin' me."

"You keep still," says ol' sup'inten'ant. "I don' want to hear nothin' from you."

New Boss, he comes round all right, only he's got a mighty black eye. Ol' sup'inten'ant say: "We goin' to stop this, we goin' to stop it right away. I don' care if you kill half of 'em doin' it." Then he takes Irish over to the Boss, and he wallops him right there; he wallops him fearful. Irish he jest stands it. He don' holler or nothin'.

Ol' sup'inten'ant say: "He's bad one."

"Never mind, I'll take care of *him*," says the Boss, lookin' dangerous.

After that he smashes us more'n ever. We don' do nothin' no more. It ain't no use. Only Mike Finnegan; he don't smash *him*. Mike he's too cunnin'. He tells him he didn' fight him that time—and likely he didn'

neither. He won't do nothin' that Irish starts. Mike he's sayin': "Yes, sah," "yes, sah," "yes, sah" all the time and runnin' and gettin' his coat and all such as that. But the Boss, he's jest layin' foh Irish. He lambastes him, and he wuks him, and he sends him away from the table before he's got 'nough to eat—all foh nothin'; and he makes him lift heavy things he hadn't ought to. He say: "I'se goin' to break you. You see."

Irish he can' hardly stan' it. He's gettin' thin, and his back is all over long white marks. He shows 'em to us at night. Bye and bye fellers find out somebody's tellin'—tellin'—mostly on Irish. He can' do nothin'. We dunno who 'tis, but we guess mighty near. It's Mike Finnegan; he's gettin' back at Irish. Fellers don' lake it. Irish he ain't sayin' nothin', but he's actin' mighty queer. He's earnin' pennies and savin' 'em all the time. Oh, he a regular miser feller. The other fellers don' know what it means. He don' want 'em to; he's gettin' ready to run away.

Pretty soon the Boss gets mad at Mike



on a freight train, they mighty good to a feller. They feeds you and helps you, too. But when you gets to the city, the policemen always lookin' for you on freight trains. They don' never look on passenger trains; they don' think you'd be there.

So Irish he's wukin' and slavin' to earn his dollar—jest one little dollar. It don' seem so little there, though; it's mighty big. They ain't scarcely no way to get it. But Irish he's makin' boxes for fellers who's got some money, to send home to their folks, and he's holdin' hosses and all such as that.

Everybody that comes drivin' up, Irish he says: "Won't you *please* lemme hold your hoss. Oh, go on, lemme, please."

Pretty often they let him. He's so pleadin' and peaked lookin'. Irish he ain't lookin' good—he's jest like a sick feller. They looks at him and they say: "Poh boy, poh boy, what's the matter with you?"

Irish say, "Oh, nothing much. I jest ain't feelin' good." He knows if he says what's the matter with him, he won't get a chance to hold no more.

Then they used to be some fellers come

out there from the city—awful rich fellers. They stops and throws out pennies on the ground, and the school fellers, they jumps over the picket fence and fights for 'em. Irish he used to set there waitin' for 'em. When those rich fellers come along, he say: "Ain't you goin' to feed the chickens to-day?" (That's what they called it—feedin' the chickens.) "Oh, please, Mister, go on. Please do."

Then the rich fellers they laughs, and throws 'em out some pennies, and the fellers all scratch foh 'em—fightin' jest like cats and dogs. Irish, he always gets some. Yes, sah, he always does.

All the time Irish he's savin', savin'. And all the time he's lookin' sicker and sicker. That Boss, he's breakin' *him* all right, he certainly is. He's cussin' him all the time, and he's smashin' him and he's puttin' him onto bread and water, sometimes foh two or three days—punishin' him foh things he ain't never done. When he comes out, sometimes he's kind of tottery on his legs. That Boss he laugh. He say: "Ain't feelin' so *funny* as you was, is yer?"

Irish he ain't sayin' a word; he ain't allowin' he's broke yet. But he ain't feelin' very strong. Sometimes when Boss hits him, he falls right over. The Boss he's hittin' other fellers, too. Only not lake he is him.

By and by—after long time—Irish he's got sixty-seven cents. Don' seem lake he ever *can* get as much's he wants. He's feelin' mighty blue. It's considerable trouble keepin' money there, too. Oh, they stealin' all the time out there. There's one feller, named Hen' Vestry—he's regular thief—gets up at night and goes feelin', feelin' round you clothes. You can't keep nothin'. 'Tain't no good to him, neither. He ain't in fust or second grade—he can't go outside the yard to spend it. He jest can't help it. By and by one feller comes to Irish: "Say, make me a box; I'll give you twenty-five cents."

Irish tickled to death; he makes the box right away. Then he gets his money. He never was so glad. He's whistlin' and singin' to himself. He's goin' next evenin'. The fellers is sniggin' bread and meat from dinner so's he can have somethin' to eat.

Then Mike Finnegan gets back at him. That very next mornin' a feller wakes up. "Who stole my quarter?" Yes, sah, somebody's been stealin' from him.

Then the Boss he say: "Who stole that feller's money?"

"I dunno."

"I dunno."

Then he always stan' 'em up in a row and he look through 'em—through all their pockets and the linin' of their coats—lake that—and by and by, he find a little hard bunch. Oh, he always finds it; I dunno how 'tis—he always does. But this time when they all stan's up, he don't have to do it. Mike Finnegan, he say: "I know who stole that money?"

"Who did?"

"That feller"—pointin' at Irish—"I wakes up in the night and sees him." (He knows Irish has got some money.)

Then Boss he say, "Come hyar." Then he look all through him, and he finds his money. "Look hyar, you, how'd you get that money?"

"I earned it."

"You lie, you stole it."

Boss say to feller that lost his money: "Hyar you, come get you quarter." Then he give it to him.

"Irish" he say: "You stealin' from me." He's awful pale and white.

"You shut up," Boss says, smashin' him.

Then he say: "Anybody else had his money stole?"

"No, sah."

"No, sah."

Then Boss say: "Guess I'll keep this here till I finds where it come from. Got anythin' more?" he say. Then he looks through the linin' of his coat.

"What's that?"

"'Tain't nothin'."

Then the Boss takes it out. "What's this?" It's a little round thing—one of these little lockets—all gold—and inside there's a piece of kind of yeller hair.

"That's my locket," says Irish. "You give me that; you ain't got no right to it. Give it back to me."

"Where'd you get that?"

"I always had it."

"You liar; you stole it before you come

here. I'm goin' to keep it till I finds out who it belongs to."

Then Irish he fights for it, and the Boss smashes him. He smashes him awful with his fist. Irish he falls right over—he's fainted away.

Boss say: "Get up, there," and he kicks him with his foot.

Irish he don't move.

"He's dead," says one feller.

The Boss he's scared. He say: "Shut up. Go get some water. Hurry up."

But Irish he ain't dead. By and by he comes to, and they puts him to bed.

Hen' Vestry—that thievin' feller—he's so tickled, he 'most bust laughin'. The fellers say: "What you laughin' at?"

"Oh, I dunno. I was 'fraid he'd come and take my quarter away from me."

"Where'd you get any quarter?"

"I had it given to me."

"Aw, go on."

They knows better. Only 'tain't no use to say nothin'.

I sleeps right close up to Irish that time. All that night he's kind of cryin' to himself.

"Say, Irish," I says, "what's matter? What's matter?"

"He's gone stole my locket. Now I can' find my folks, never. Oh, what'll I do? What'll I do?"

Next day he say: "I'm goin', anyhow. I can' stan' it. I jest got to go, he's killin' me."

The fellers they're runnin' away all the time them days; they can' stand it. Long toward night time, when the fellers go in from the yard, they jest slips behind the door and stays outside. Then the Boss calls the names.

"Where's that feller?"

"I dunno."

"I dunno."

Um-hum, *he's* gone.

Yes, sah, that evenin' Irish he run away. All that night they looks foh him. There's a feller there named Mr. Fox don't do nothin' else only look foh boys. Oh, he's suah. They don't get away from him. Fust he telegraph all round. Then sometimes he goes after 'em; and sometimes all dav long he jest stan' there by the gate with his spy-

glass—jest lake that—lookin', lookin'. By and by he sees a little thing 'way off—jest lake a little pin walkin'. Then they goes and catches the feller and brings him back. Mr. Fox, he gets five dollars for every boy he catches—say, ten boys he gets ten five dollars. Oh, he's rich.

It don't take him long to find Irish. Next day he comes bringin' him back. They catch him on a freight train. He's lookin' worse'n ever. You wouldn't know him, he looks so bad. He's all mud and dirt and his clothes is all torn. He's sick. Boss he don' lick him much. He don' dare to.

But Irish he don' care. He jest sets around with his head down, mopin', mopin'. He's most broke this time. Out there to school fellers gets that way sometimes—nothin' ails 'em much; they jest mopin', mopin' all the time. Then after a while they don' never get well; they dies. Irish he's that way 'most a week. He don' care; he's done for anyhow.

But one day he's standin' out in the yard, and a big carriage drives up and a gran' lady gets out—all dressed in black. Irish



he wants to hol' the hosses. He's got used to holdin' 'em; he likes it.

Lady say: "Poor boy, poor boy, how sick you lookin'. What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothin'. I'm all right."

Then she kisses him. Yes, sah, right there. She's got tears in her eyes. She say: "Poh boy, ain't you got no home but this?"

"No'm."

She's holding his hand a minute and he's looking at her. Jest a minute. Then he runs away in back where nobody's goin' to see him, and cries some up against side of building. Nobody ain't never kissed out there to school. Probably it makes Irish feel mighty queer. He ain't very strong anyhow.

Some fellow sees him out there. "Hey, fellers, come hyar and look at Irish."

Irish he turns roun' mighty quick. "You lemme alone. I'll break you back if you don'."

Lady she's gone inside and seen ol' sup'inten'ant.

"I los' my little boy last year. He died. My husband, he's died too. Peoples in

city say maybe they'd be a good boy here I could take home with me."

Ol' sup'inten'ant smile and say: "Yes'm, yes'm, yes'm. I'll have 'em brought in; then you can see 'em foh yourself."

Then he brings 'em all in and stands 'em all up in a row. The lady she's there. Oh, she's beautiful—white, jest lake a lily, with black cloth hangin' down by her face. An' she's dressed gran', jest lake some of the ladies in the play. Any feller's mighty lucky that goes with her, I tell yer.

Ol' sup'inten'ant he says to her: "This here's our little flock"—he always talks lake that when they's visitors. "Pretty lively boys, but pretty good boys, too. Ain't you, boys?"

"Yes, sah."

"Yes, sah."

Then he laughs silly.

"They lake it here. They gets good food, and they's treated first-class. We never strike our boys. It's 'gainst the rules." He always talks lake that—kind of sweet-lake."

Then the lady, she's lookin' all round at

she say, "poh boy. Jest nothin' but a common gold locket, with nothin' in it but some hair. I'm 'fraid you won't never find your mother with that."

Then foh a moment they didn't say nothin'; she was thinkin'.

Then Irish says, kind of soft lake, lookin' at her: "I wish you'd been my mother."

Then all at once he can't stan' it; he's cryin' to her and catching hold of her hand.

"Oh, don' leave me; please don' leave me. Take me with you, please do. I'll do anything foh you, I will. I'll work and slave and die for you if you wants me to. Only don' leave me. Jest try me—only once. You don' have to keep me if you don' want to. You can sen' me back."

The lady, she's down on her knees in front of him, sort of crying.

"You poh little motherless boy!" she says, "I will take you. It will be better foh both of us."

Then Irish, he's jes' hanging onto her and cryin', and they sends us all out of the room.

When we was goin' out Hen' Vestry, he

try to steal that gol' locket she's dropped there on the floor. Every feller round kicks him and punches him and makes him throw it down again.

Jest right after that they drives out of there in their gran' carriage. They don' stop at all. The beautiful lady's in the back seat, and Irish's sittin' right up close to her and kind of smilin'. The old sup'inten'ant's standin' in the door-way, and bowin', and tryin' to look sweet; and all the boys jest hollerin' their heads off. Irish, he's got through.

Sometimes he comes back after that and sees us. He's drivin' in a team with the lady; or he's ridin' on his hoss. He's got a hoss of his own. Oh, he's awful rich feller. He's good feller, too. He don' forget. He's done an awful lot for other fellers. Yes, sah, he has—that's right.

The colored youth's tongue had run down. His story was done. "He started the big investigation, didn't he?" said I.

"Yes, sah, that's right; he was the feller. Right after that they began investiga-

tionin'. Ol' sup'inten'ant and Boss, I guess they're mighty sorry they licked *that* feller. They don' lick no other fellers, they don'; they gets right out of there after they've investigationed 'em. 'Tain't lake it was over ther'; no, sah.

"It's mighty different. They got a new sup'inten'ant and new Boss and everythin'."

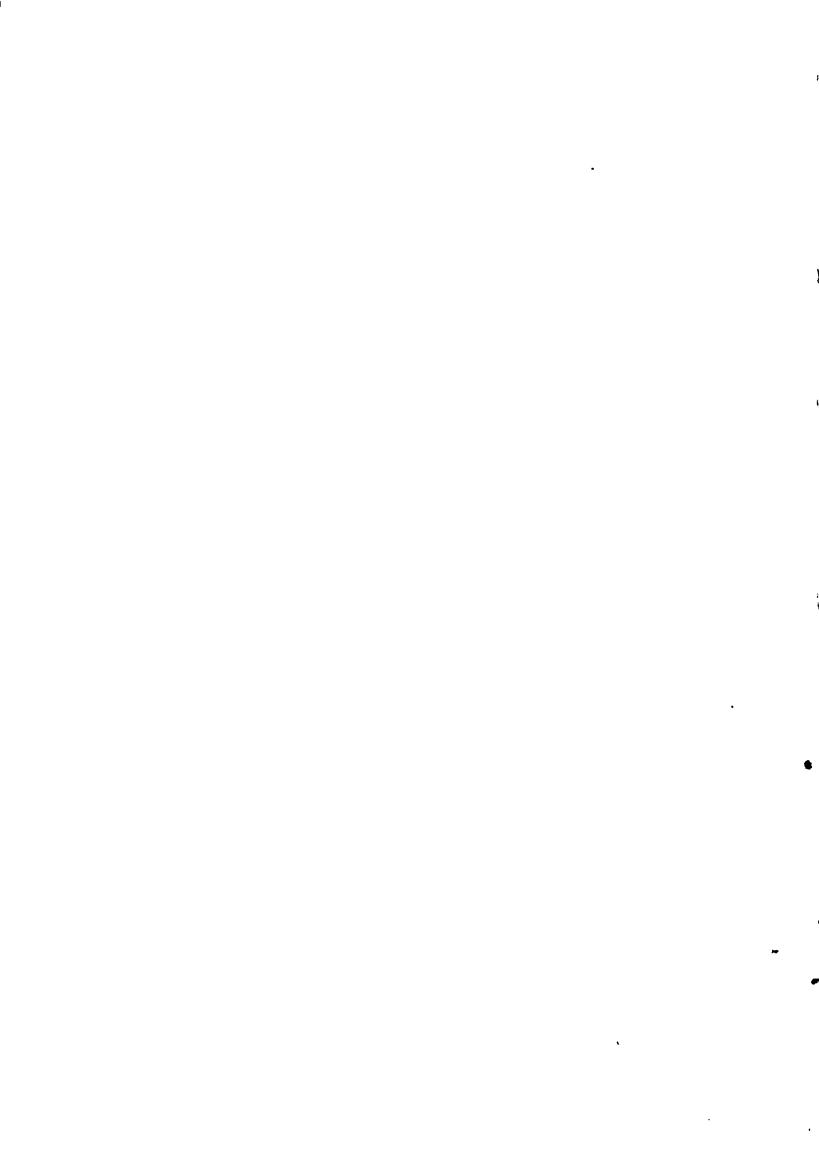
"I guess you boys were mighty glad that fellow was sent to school," said I.

"Yes, sah, we was. It's the best thing ever happened to that school. They ain't no doubt 'bout that. You ought to been there the last time ol' sup'inten'ant and Boss went away."

"Did the boys holler?"

"*Did* they holler. Oh, no, I guess not. You could hear 'em most a mile, I bet yer. Yes, sah—more'n that—ten times more."

# A TUNE IN COURT



# A TUNE IN COURT

*A STORY OF THE ITALIAN QUARTER IN  
SAN FRANCISCO*

BY MARION HILL

**I**NASMUCH as little Tino Trevino, in his daily social and commercial dealings with the San Francisco public, was hailed indifferently as a "dago," "greaser," "Eytalian," or "Portugee" kid, it is evident to any intelligence that the child was a foreigner. It is not so evident, however, why the grubby and solemn-eyed infant should have been considered of enough importance to engage the attention of the municipal government; but he was. Tinto, five-year-old, reticent, hungry Tinto, was arrested for being a public nuisance.

This to the Trevinos was more than a



family grief; it was also a financial horror, for Tinto contributed appreciably to an income already miserably insufficient for a family that was outrageous as to numbers. In addition to Tinto and Tinto's father, Luis, and Tinto's mother, Tessa, there were brothers and sisters as follows: Stefano, Senta, Catalina, Rafael, Tonio, Anita, Marta, José, Doretta, and Maria—all undersized, underfed, greasy, scowling, garlicky, and clannish. Tessa once, when called upon to reconcile her youth with her indisputable motherhood of the brood, explained that she had had "T'ree-a to one time, two-a to one time, and one-a, oh, ever so many time."

This sentence was given with the villainous scowl of suffering which English brought to every Trevino countenance. They were so ignorant of the language that they dreaded it like a scourge; the scowl, though purely a linguistic maneuver, prejudiced observers against the Trevino character.

Besides the English language (and luck), another foe to the Trevino peace of mind was an ill-disposed countryman of theirs

whose last name was Zanardi. His first names are too holy to write, being those of the Divine Son and the blessed Mother ; but Zanardi had them emblazoned in full in red letters on his yellow vegetable cart, and made the offense greater by his own daily life, which was of a nature calculated to bring reproach even upon the name of the Prince of Evil.

Zanardi, who had caused the arrest of baby Tinto, had harassed the Trevinos ever since that frightened bunch first set emigrant foot upon Californian soil, led by some ill fate to rent a shanty next to his in that unsavory foreign quarter of San Francisco known loosely as "Spanish Town." His only reason for persecution lay in the fact that he was a born bully, and the cowering inoffensiveness of the Trevinos was an irresistible temptation to him ; then, too, they were trying to buy their shanty, and such thriftiness offended Zanardi's sense of what was proper in a Trevino.

He was really clever in his enmity, and kept safely out of the reach of the law by making the law itself perform his dirty

work for him. The law has peculiar facilities for punishing the unoffender. A garden-hose can be turned upon a weak and thirsty plant so as to wash it into the dirt. For instance, when the Trevinos had gathered together a few sticks of furniture, Zanardi set the tax-collector upon them, and the ignorant wretches assented to so much English that they did not understand that they were assessed five times too much, and were fined for delinquency besides.

Then two little Trevinos, the two-a-to-one-timers, broke out in pimples due to lack of nutrition, and Zanardi promptly herded the whole flock of Trevinos to the new City Hall, and had the Board of Health vaccinate them, resulting from which their arms swelled out and hurt them and kept them helpless for weeks, thus stopping the final payments upon the cottage.

Luckless Rafael's arm communicated pimples to the rest of his body, so Zanardi once more strenuously raised the cry of small-pox, in consequence of which the mortgaged Trevino shanty was quarantined, and then fumigated to the total de-

struction of all belongings that had escaped being condemned and burned.

Next, when Zanardi thought that Luis had become enough of an American citizen to vote, he had him vote industriously three or four times at the one election, and upon his information there followed an elegant séance about illegal registration, and Luis was reprimanded and imprisoned and fined and kept in so much hot water that a whole cargo of bananas went bad on his hands, not being sold in time. To ripen those bananas, Tessa and brood had nightly taken the bunches to bed with them, as is the custom of fruit peddlers; and when Tessa was worried into brain fever by Luis's difficulties with the ballot, Zanardi confided to the public the trick of trade in fruit-ripening, had Trevino's stock condemned as infected, and thereby killed the Trevino banana industry forever.

Then the School Board was induced to investigate why the Trevino children were not kept at school, with the result that they were taken from lucrative trades and put into infant classes, where they twined their

long legs around desks too small for them, sat all day making queer marks upon slates, scowled darkly at an uncomprehended, uncomprehending teacher, and never by any chance learned anything. When Stefano took a day off to nurse his wrath, and sought the water-front to do it privately, not to worry his parents with his own cares, the truant officer was sent after him; and there followed another dismal seance in still another department of the City Hall.

Tinto was too young to suffer at the hands of any School Board, so Zanardi exercised special ingenuity and hurt him in a child's most vulnerable feelings—through a pet animal. The very rich and the very poor have one blessed privilege in common—both can afford to keep a dog: those in merely comfortable circumstances cannot stand the expense. Tinto had a puppy, a big, rollicking slob, so good-tempered that he got fat on a diet visibly consisting only of sunshine and the affectionate mouthings he gave the children. The puppy made a friendly run at Zanardi one day, catching playfully at his moving boot, and the Italian

(after some personal treatment in his own room) came out lacerated around the ankle, showed the "wounds" to the police, and the officer shot the dog before Tinto's eyes. The moan of the pup and the shriek of the child made music acceptable to J. M. Zanardi.

So much cannot be said of the music which came from Tinto's violin. That music was a source of annoyance to the enemy, for from it came many nickels to the small player. Could the law hold out no remedy? It could. Tinto could be arrested for disturbing the peace, and being a nuisance—which brings us back to where we started.

When, in answer to the charge, they all filed into a court-room of the New City Hall on that foggy December morning, the Trevinos presented anything but an engaging appearance. They all came—Luis and Tessa, Senta, Catalina, Anita, Marta, Doretta, Maria, José, Stefano, Rafael, Tonio, and, of course, Tinto—and they came shivering and scowling, the skirted members darkly muffled in greasy head-shawls,

whence their eyes gleamed like those of cats; the trousered portion with dirty hands deep in frayed pockets, and still greasier collars pulled high up around swarthy necks; and they looked like an assassins' chorus in a Tivoli opera. Zanardi, on the contrary, sleek as a panther, was the embodiment of Italian grace. His face was as open as day, and when he smiled it was like sunshine, and his teeth gleamed like pearls.

It is no wonder that the desperate Trevinos had not enough interest in life even to wash. Ruin is ruin, whether the money involved be reckoned in millions of dollars or in a handful of dimes. In losing their shanty and banana trade, the Trevinos were more destitute than the word "bankruptcy" has any power to suggest: they might as well all cut their throats and leave the rest to the coroner. It is beyond the power of onlookers to estimate the horror of tragedy hourly going on in our imported population. Out of the droves of ignorantly hopeful people who come herding over to us, their souls glow-

ing not only with impossible fancies of wealth and power to come, but with equally preposterous expectation of present welcome, only a rare few gain independence, while the rest slave and suffer, sicken, die, and rot to form an awful human fertilizer for the land they came to share. The animal hunger and desperation shining from their eyes appeal to us merely as an unpleasant, but inalienable, attribute of the "lower classes," not at all as the signs of the death struggle of a lonely brother man. Loneliness fills as many graves as whisky. The loneliness of Italians in California is pitiful: they come with notions of placer mining in their back yards and cultivating grapes in their front yards, with the presidency always hopefully within reach. In San Francisco, the situation is worse on account of the climate. Few people understand how emphatically San Francisco is not California. The confirmed San Franciscan knows less about the Golden State than any Pueblo Indian baby. San Francisco, within an hour's journey of a torrid belt, is never hot; San Francisco, within



sight of snow-clad peaks, is seldom frigid; San Francisco is cool, breezy, and foggy. To an Eskimo it is Hades; to an Italian it is perpetual winter.

The Trevinos, as they shivered in court on that gray December morning, bore in their gloomy eyes a history of pain—grief for their lost South, suffering for their present predicament, and fear for the hungry, disgraced, and homeless to-morrow. Small wonder that the history expressed itself in scowls and slinking ferocity. The Trevinos hated everything they saw. They especially abominated a eucalyptus tree which grew outside the City Hall and clashed its cruel leaves against the court-room window. An abominable tree is the eucalyptus. Its dark, sickle-shaped leaves saw against each other with the rasping of knives. Moreover, they have the power of condensing mist into rain. On a foggy day every eucalyptus drips an incessant down-pour. The tree outside the court-room window was behaving with more than usual nastiness, contorting itself, wringing its arms, clashing its noisy leaves, and weeping

with vulgar abandon, throwing the mist from it in a steady shower of cold tears.

Not the Trevinos alone suffered from its depressing influence: all the court clientèle, Christmas not a fortnight off, was in an especially holiday humor—this with adults means of course, discontent, a sneering remembrance of (and sorrowing for) childish dead joys, contempt for the empty present, and disgust for the coming ordeal of taking and giving gifts. God pity the wretches who come before a judge when he is in a holiday humor.

Next to the advent of Christmas, what most soured his Honor was the presence in the court-room of a large number of medical students: young men of prevailing pallor of complexion, most of them gone wildly to beard, and all smelling of anti-septic soap, which, though cleanly enough in itself, has unpleasant suggestions in the background. These young men had just come from an examination of some disease corpuscles, beautifully mounted on glass slides and kindly on microscopic view in the rooms of the Board of Health, and they

had obtained permission to use the courtroom as a means of studying how the exhalations of crime vitiate the atmosphere, or something of the sort. At any rate, there they were, and their obtrusion was another prejudicial factor in the Trevino case.

Indeed, as Zanardi cited his wrongs, no sane judge could do anything but believe him to be an injured party.

"All-a time, ever since Trevinos they come next-a door, they have injure my property, and be evil-minded to me, and set on their dog to me," wailed J. M., his handsome eyes flashing eloquently. "From how they look darkly on me, you can see how much-a hate they have of me; but all those things is nothings to me, so long as they leave to me my quiet to sleep so that I get strong to work next day. But no, no! Me and my wife and all in my house have our heads distracted with fiddle, fiddle, all-a time fiddle, until we no know nothings no more. My poor wife, my poor Nella, she much-a too sick to come to-day——"

"He lie!" called Tessa, desperately.

"Nella, she home iron out a shu't waist. I see her."

"Silence!" thundered his Honor, not more to Tessa than to the medicos, who had enjoyed immensely the feminine outburst.

"No lie," softly denied the long-suffering Zanardi, in patient dignity. "Every day Nella grow weak' and weak'. Fiddle next door all day and all night. Never to sleep makes a very nervous woman, and Nella she so much unsettle she can no longer take in wash, and can only go around hold on to her head, and moan—oh, how she moan for rest! Me myself find it a big burden to have that sound of fiddle all-a time within my head. Many peoples can tell how much that small Tinto can fiddle even in one day and a night."

Which "many peoples" immediately proceeded to do. There was no lack of witnesses to prove how undesirable were the Trevinos as neighbors; how uncleanly, given to accumulating loathsome diseases; how unpatriotic and uneducational, but especially inconsiderate in the persistency with which they incited Tinto to untimely

practice of noisome tunes upon a discordant fiddle. They prayed not only for abatement, but for absolute prohibition of the baneful scraping.

"The wonder is, why Luis has this hate of me, who but wish him well," mourned Zanardi, "who have been his friend from the first, but it is a true proverb that who smears himself with honey will be pestered by the flies. I can stand no more, and I pray that Luis will be made not to set Tinto to scrape that fiddle when most Luis thinks I am sick and in need of sleep."

"Have you anything to say?" demanded the judge of Luis.

Knowing well what he had to say, and saying it, Luis did for himself. He expressed a wish that some Jew might spit on the grave of Zanardi's grandmother, and promised that he, Luis, would ere long smash in Zanardi's face. There is an excuse for him. Ignorant as he was of English, he yet divined intuitively that the whole case, against him from the first, was settled irrevocably in the mind of the judge, and would come shortly to a conviction and

costs. It was equivalent to a death sentence: and a dying man does not quibble with words. What Luis said he meant. His whole family meant it, too, for, with the same intuition, they divined the situation as well as he, and every Trevino face was one malignant scowl.

No, not every face. Tinto, bored long ago with proceedings which seemed to have nothing to do with him in spite of the frequent occurrence of his name, was examining with placid interest a glass paperweight upon the judge's desk. The better to do it, he had wandered into the center of the room, where he stood in unconscious prominence, hugging his violin under his arm as a girl might hug a doll.

This unvexed vision gave the judge an idea. "Here, you Tinto, play something! Show us what sort of a nuisance you are. Understand? Fiddle! Scrape! Give us tune. *Sabe?*"

Tinto turned immense eyes from the judge to his father, much as he would appeal from an idiot to an interpreter, and Luis said something in Italian.

The child, looking more like a wee mahogany god than anything human, turned his assenting orbs again upon the judge, and commenced to tune his violin, doing it with what looked like unembarrassed leisure, but was in reality infinite love and patience.

The embryo doctors leaned back with the complacency of those who have front seats at the minstrels. The judge had an angry expectation of being assailed with the strains of a popular song, with a chorus demanding that all who had heard should "Bone dat turkey, brudders, bone dat turkey!"

Tinto let his slow gaze wander around the court-room for inspiration. He rejected the sad picture of his kinspeople, the smiling doctors, a curious throng of outsiders at the doors, the unfriendly court, the lonely tree that wept against the window-pane and writhed against a background of sullen sky, and fixing his yearning eyes finally upon the crystal bauble which had chained his fancy—the beautiful, ever-unattainable iridescence of that fairy-like

plaything—he sighed deeply, and then took route for fairyland itself upon the bridge-like, golden, vibrating notes of Schumann's "Traumerei," the dream song of dream songs.

Perhaps he looked further than the bit of glass, and saw in his pathetic day-dream those other glittering shams for which, in the coming years, he would barter the music of his man's soul—the woman's smile, the crown of fame, the shine of gold, the hearts of his friends. Whatever it was, it spoke with a moving sweetness, and the court-room was filled with music of such awful tenderness and strength that it seemed absurd to connect it with so small a performer, who guided a tiny bow with the grimy fingers of a baby.

Like the flight of a bird that reaches high places; like the unexpectedness of an earthquake shock which reveals God to us; like the fragrance of a flower that steals unbidden upon our senses; like a baby's velvet touch which thrills our beings with divine tenderness, the music of the Dream Song floated through the court-room and held the



listeners spellbound. Sweet as it was, yet hand in hand it went with pain; for what is there for us but sorrow when we dream dreams of what might be and know we must waken to the things which are?

After a first shiver, as from an icy clutch at his heart, the judge leaned back and seemed less to listen to the music than utterly to disregard it. But he too had crossed on that golden bridge, not to the future where Tinto went, but back into a past that he had fancied was forgotten. Dreaming, dreaming! Ah, dear God, had not all the ambitions of his youth been dreams! And she—his wife, not the stately woman who now bore his name and showed off his wealth, but that little dead girl who used to bring her violin and play to him when the twilight came and the firelight danced over the bare room that was home to them—had not she in her hopes and prophecies for him been but dreaming, too? This very tune was what she mostly played, and the time came when she played it with her dreams reaching out to fold themselves about a little child that was to be theirs, the little boy

who stayed but long enough to deliver God's message that wife and child were both to go back to Him. She was in her grave, and this tune, that surely was hers and hers alone, was going on, beautifully insistent, to waken all the laments of his lonely soul.

But at last the music stopped, and the small player looked inquiringly at the judge.

Now it is undeniable that, had the judge's previous humor been *for* "Bone dat Turkey" instead of against it, the "Trau-merci" would have proved Tinto a nuisance of virulent type. It is also undeniable, though regrettable, that a dead wife has more effectiveness as a moral force than a living one. And the judge was touched. So touched was he, that he dared not look up until he had strangled at their birth the sobs that threatened to come. It would never do to have those prim teachers at the doors surprise him at his emotions.

The teachers were in the building to collect back salaries. In San Francisco, when the opening of a street, or a park road, or the leveling of a sand hill empties the sen-

sitive treasury, the deficit can always be met by the docking the school-teachers of a percentage of salary. Then a new administration sets in, and, as a politic move, pays back a dribble, just enough to insure grateful support. One of these celestial reimbursements was being made on the day of Tinto's trial, and his violin had drawn curiously to the court doors a throng of happy spinsters, each with a plethoric chatelaine bag hanging from her belt and further guarded by the clutch of a gloved hand.

When fortified to meet the examination of these sharp feminine eyes, the judge raised his head, and his gaze was very severe. It softened once when it rested on the upturned face of Tinto, but hardened doubly when directed upon Zanardi. "Is this the music that is driving you distracted?" he demanded in disgust.

Zanardi misinterpreted the source of disgust, and further committed himself. "Yes, yes; just like-a that. Music like-a that, at all times Tinto plays."

"Then the best thing Tinto can do for you is to keep on playing till you grow able

to appreciate it," ordered the judge, and the medical students drowned his further words in a shout of applause. A young doctor, especially during the growth of his first beard, is invariably a music lover.

"Here, you shaver," called one, "here's a half-dollar to buy yourself a Christmas gift. Make it a cake of soap if you can." As he tossed the silver, the infection caught his comrades, and all began to search their pockets for small coin.

Tinto thought it his professional duty to go around with his hat, court or no court, and stoically did so, winding up by besieging his Honor himself, but giving him a wistful look rather of thanks for past favor than an appeal for alms.

"Isn't he cute?" whispered the teachers. But they did not give him any of their restored salaries. It had come too hard for that.

"For yourself, Tinto," murmured his Honor, dropping a yellow piece among the silver.

But the poor do not own themselves. What they have belongs to the head of the

family, that he may make a better fight against the wolf of poverty. Tinto, without even looking at it, wearily carried the money to Luis, and gave it all up. It was no concern of his. His duty was just to work and to hand over what he made like any workhouse drudge. His childhood never knew the delight of spending money.

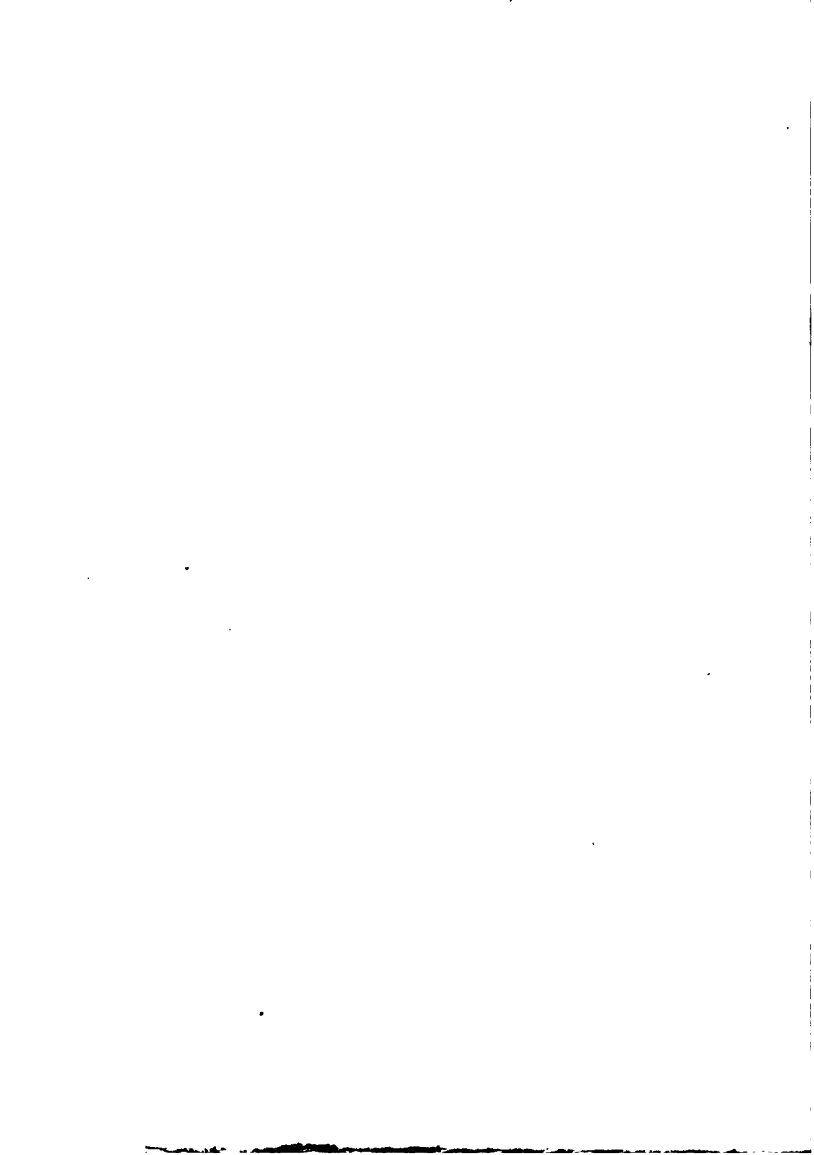
"Oh, the poor little thing!" cried a teacher. Her eyes moistened and her hand fumbled in her purse. The "cuteness" of Tinto could not touch the teachers, they being too much the martyrs of "cute" infancy, but his unchildishness went straight to their womanly hearts, and this time their money freely flowed.

As the Trevinos eagerly watched the shower of silver, they correctly estimated it as sufficient to pay off the last penny owing upon the house, and figured a residuum for the recommencement of trade. They were shrewd enough to realize also that this public tide-turning would make of them people of genteel distinction to their neighbors, and the Trevino faces were as bright with eyes and teeth as an altar with tapers.

Zanardi was sensibly endeavoring to sneak outside, which suggested a *finale* for the judge.

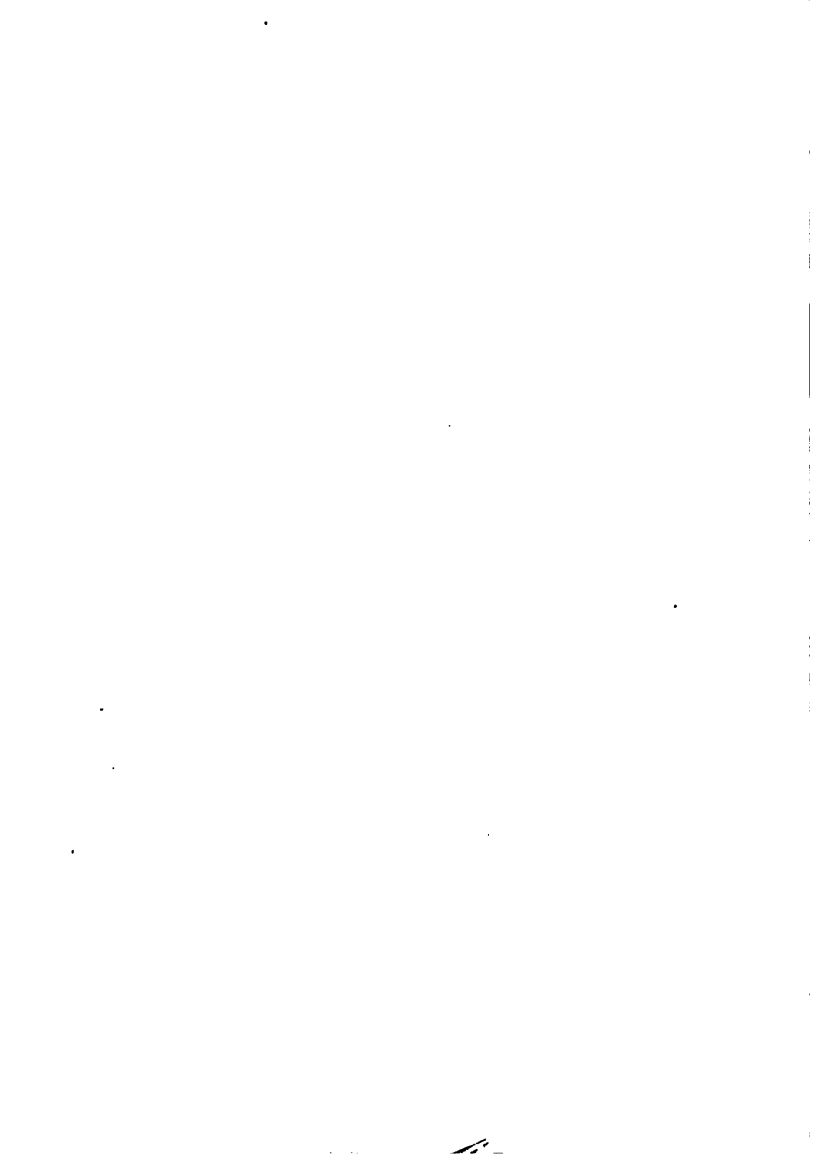
"Get out, everybody!" he ordered. "This is a farce. We have wasted entirely too much time over it. Clear out."

Thus ended the case, and if the succeeding cases did not suffer horribly from the severity which is the reaction of heart-softening and purse-opening, then is human nature in the city at the Golden Gate beautifully different from human nature all the rest of the world over.



# THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS PA





# THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS PA

*THE STORY OF HOW THEY GOT AC-  
QUAINTED WITH EACH OTHER*

BY ELLSWORTH KELLEY

**T**HE little boy and his pa lived on a ranch where the short grass ran down the slope to meet the elm and the hackberry trees along the river. He was the only little boy in the family; the only child, for that matter. His mother thought him the only little boy in the world, for she knew him well. The little boy and his pa did not have an extended acquaintance. His pa was a very busy man, whose cattle business took him here and there and everywhere a great deal

of the time. So the little boy did not see him every day, and when he did see him it was usually at meal time. When at home, sometimes his pa would say: "Come, little boy, wake up if you want to eat breakfast with your pa and ma."

And the little boy would answer, "I'm getting dressed, pa."

At noon his pa would say: "Come, little boy, wash your face, and comb your hair, and be sure you act nice at the table."

The little boy would reply: "Yes, sir."

At night when the clock struck nine his pa would say: "Now, little boy, it's bedtime for folks of your size."

Then the little boy would kiss his ma, and call "Good-night, pa!" as he went upstairs to bed.

So their acquaintance stood till one September day when the little boy was ten years old. That day his pa took the little boy with him to the county-seat. That day the little boy and his pa got acquainted with each other. It was a Kansas September morning. This sentence will sufficiently describe it to all who have passed a Sep-

tember in the short-grass country. Words cannot convey an adequate description to others. They rode along in silence for a while. The little boy had never been to the county-seat, and his imagination was busy with the farther end of the journey. By and by he fell to counting the herds of cattle grazing on the short-grass. He enjoyed the changing landscape. The quails whistled from the brown corn-fields. Somewhere back on the uplands the prairie chickens were drumming their sunrise march. He viewed with intense enjoyment the tag game of a village of prairie dogs. He watched a coyote in pursuit of a jack-rabbit. But even upon the soul of a child impressions of sound and sight will sometimes pall. Then the little boy all unconscious of what he was doing, began to let his pa get acquainted with him. "Pa, do you remember when you were a little boy—a ten-year-old boy—like me?"

The vision of a barefoot boy with trousers rolled up to his knees, fishing for chubs and goggle-eyes in the old Spring branch—so many years ago—flitted before the fath-

er's mental vision as he replied: "Well, yes, my son, I remember quite well."

"What was your name when you were a little boy? Your *boy* name, you know, that the other fellows called you by?"

"Tommy. Your grandma called me 'Tommy Taylor.' But the boys I used to run with called me 'Pony'—'Pony Taylor.' Sometimes they'd turn my name around, and call me 'Taylor's Pony.'"

"What did they call you 'Pony' for?"

"Oh, I guess it was because I was a great, big, overgrown boy."

The little boy caught the spirit of the irony, and laughed outright. He was silent for a while, and then he began putting his father through a little boy's catechism. "Pa, did you ever play 'scrub'?"

"Scrub? What's that?"

"Oh, it's a game something like baseball that you play when there isn't enough fellows there to make nine on a side."

"When I was a boy—when I was Pony Taylor—we played town ball, and if we hadn't enough on one side, why, we gave that side a 'blind eye.'"

"Blind eye! What's a blind eye?"

"Oh, it's just letting the first fellow out on a side play again."

"I see now. That made the sides even, didn't it? But did you ever play humper-down or foot-an'-a-half or high jump or put the shot?"

"Well, not by those names. We used to play hop-step-and-a-jump, bull-pen, and old three-cornered cat."

"Do you know what an alley or taw is?"

"Sure! I'll never forget them."

Another short silence. The little boy was thinking. "Pa, can't you tell me something—something funny—that happened—when you were a little boy?"

"Let me see! Well, I remember something that I thought was pretty funny when it happened, and it got still funnier as I thought about it in school time."

"What was it?"

"It wasn't anything much." His pa hesitated a moment before telling it, for he did not know the little boy well enough to be certain that he would be able to appreciate what, to him, was the ludicrous feature of

the story. Then he began: "There was a little boy in our school that called himself the 'Boss.' He was a great big hulk of a fellow, and most of the boys were small, for it was a summer term. If we played war, he was the captain. If we played horse, he was the driver. Well, one day he had a whole lot of us fellows pulling a sled of rocks from one part of the yard to the other. We had a hedge pole tied to the sled for a tongue, and each of us took hold of the pole with one hand and pulled. All at once he took a notion that he would be a horse, and he took my place and made me be driver.

"I soon saw what he was about. He was going to be the meanest horse ever hitched up. He reared and pranced and plunged and knocked the rest of the horses right and left. I cracked him one with the whip, and he kicked; and when he kicked, he struck his bare foot on a hedge thorn and tore it pretty badly, and then that unmanageable horse just sat down and howled! After school took up, I got to thinking about it, and I laughed right out. The

teacher brought me out on the floor and when she asked what I was laughing at, I told her I had thought of something funny. She said that she thought of something funny, too, and she took me over and set me between two girls. Then I cried."

The little boy laughed delightedly and said, "*I've* never had to sit with girls."

There was another mile sped over before the little boy spoke again. "Pa, when you went fishing, what did you use for bait—good bait, you know?"

"Angle-worms to catch goggle-eyes, and minnows for bass. I fished for goggle-eyes mostly."

"Pa, do you think it does any good to spit on bait?"

His pa considered carefully before answering; then he said that, when he was a boy, it was so believed by all fishermen.

"Well, that's what I think, though I don't exactly see why. But Billy Mullins catches more fish than any of us fellows, and he says the reason is because he always spits on his bait. Say, pa, did you ever go swimming the whole afternoon? Just



swim and swim 'til supper-time came, and then feel sorry because it was time to go home?"

"Did I? I used to be in the long hole of Spring branch so much that your grandma pretended that she could see scales and fins starting to grow on my body."

"Could you dive, and turn handsprings off the spring-board, and tread water, and lay your hair?"

"Better than any other boy in the crowd."

Then the little boy moved close over to his father, and said: "So can I."

By and by they came in sight of the county-seat. The little boy was surprised at its size. He expected it to be larger than Taylor's Corners, which had a school-house, a blacksmith shop, and a store where they got the mail. But he had not dreamed of such a picture as burst upon his sight when they reached the hilltop that overlooked the county-seat. Street after street walled in with high houses! Seven church steeples! A great two-story school building! Whole blocks of two and three story

business houses! It seemed to him like a scene out of his pictorial Aladdin which he found by his plate on Christmas morning. It was after reaching the city that the little boy began getting acquainted with his pa.

"Well, well, Taylor! I'm glad to see you. I am indeed. I was just telling my wife this morning that I would rather see Tom Taylor than any man likely to attend the convention. You see, Taylor, I haven't forgotten those three years we spent in the mounted infantry, nor how you pulled me out of the Johnnies' hands when I got that bullet in my arm at Okolona. Say, those Johnnie Rebs were the hot stuff that day, weren't they? And how are you getting along, Taylor, and how is the wife; and—is this your boy?"

"Yes—all I've got—and he's a namesake of yours, Judge—William Strong Taylor."

"You don't say! Well, well, well! Your boy and my namesake! A fine boy, sir, a fine boy." And the judge shook the little boy's awkward right hand—for it was not much used to handshaking and worked very much indeed like a pump-handle—and patted the little boy on the head.

"You and the little boy will take dinner with me to-day, Taylor. We don't get a chance to visit very often, so we'll just go right along down to the house, and talk over old times until dinner;" and the judge took his pa by the arm, and, holding the little boy's hand, together the three walked down the street to the home of the judge.

So walking, the little boy was face to face with the greatest episode of his short life. He had known that he was named for the great Judge Strong. He had occasionally heard his father speak of the judge in terms of the highest respect, and the little boy, in his boyish way, and grown to think him a very great man, only surpassed in greatness by the governor himself; and now the judge had actually patted him on the head, and called him a fine boy; and now they were to take dinner with him! Again he thought of Aladdin.

While his pa and the judge were talking on the veranda, the little boy sat like some little old man, listening to the tales of camp life and army hardships; listening until he felt that he would have given anything in the world—which meant his Aladdin and

his pony, Topsy—to have been old enough to have carried a saber and ridden a cavalry horse, and to have had a Spencer carbine slung across his back.

At dinner he behaved very well, and said “Yes, sir,” and “No, ma’am,” and “If you please” in just the right places, and the judge beamed on him with smiles of approval. He really would have enjoyed another piece of the custard pie, and one more spoonful of grape jelly; but he remembered his manners, and resolutely declined when motherly Mrs. Strong insisted on a second helping.

As they went back down town after dinner was over, the little boy was surprised to notice how many men knew his pa. They all acted as if they were glad to see him, and shook hands with him very heartily, and called him “Captain.” Finally they reached the Opera House, where the convention was to be held. The little boy gazed curiously on the noisy, surging, good-natured crowd of delegates and politicians that filled the room. By and by a big man on the stage hammered with a mal-

let on a table, and called the house to order. The committee on organization made its report, and named Captain Thomas Taylor for chairman. The crowd cheered, and adopted the report unanimously. Then there were cries of "Taylor! Taylor! Speech from Taylor!"

The little boy felt proud and sorry all at once—proud of the honor that had come to his pa, sorry because he was sure his pa could not make a speech. He had read something of Patrick Henry, and Webster, and Henry Clay, and knew that they were speech-makers. But he knew that they were dead, and he had a vague idea that nobody living, certainly nobody in that country, could make speeches unless it might be preachers and lawyers, or the schoolmaster on the last day of school. So when his pa stood up before the crowd and bowed, and said: "Fellow-citizens and gentlemen of the convention," the little boy grew very pale, and could hear his own heart beat.

But his pa went right off into a speech about the grand old party and the spirit of liberty, and about the platform. The little

boy wondered if he meant the platform upon which he was standing. Then his pa told a humorous story, and the crowd laughed and cheered. He spoke of prison-pens and dead heroes, and the little boy saw a man draw his coat sleeve across his eyes. When his pa had finished his speech, the little boy thought the cheering never would cease, and he mentally placed his pa in the list of men who could make speeches, and wondered if some time that speech would be placed in a Fifth Reader for boys to study at school, along with the speeches of Henry and Webster and Clay.

The convention then proceeded to nominate the ticket. Finally Judge Strong was on his feet making a speech. He was placing a name before the convention for representative. He said he wished to name a representative citizen, a man well known and held in esteem by all who knew him; a man who had marched and fought by the judge's side through the years of the war; who now carried in his body the bullets of battle and bore upon his breast the scars of conflict. He drew a vivid picture of

this man leading his company in a desperate charge at Missionary Ridge, and concluded by saying, "Gentlemen, I have the honor to place before this convention the name of Captain Thomas Taylor, of Summit Township."

There were more cheers, and some one moved to suspend the rules and make the nomination unanimous. Motion carried. Captain Thomas Taylor was declared the nominee by unanimous vote. The little boy could not remember anything like it in his story of Aladdin.

The convention was over, the congratulations of the delegates and others showered upon the captain, and then the little boy and his pa were on the homeward journey. They did not talk much for many miles. His pa was busy thinking over the events of the day. So was the little boy. The sun had gone down. Suddenly the quiet of the twilight hour—the great, impressive silence of the plains—was broken by a fusillade somewhere off in the gathering darkness. Some belated hunters were taking a parting shot at a scurrying jack-rabbit. A

correlation of ideas inspired the little boy to ask: "Pa, when you were a soldier in the war with Judge Strong, did you ever kill any one?"

His pa did not answer at once. In an instant there flashed before his eyes the events of a September day in a year long gone. Clouds of smoke hung over a battle-field. The pungent, nauseous odor of sulphurous smoke was in his nostrils. Again he looked down a line of blue-coated horsemen sitting like statues, each holding a drawn saber. The men had grimy faces and tense, set jaws. He heard Jack Stevens jest about what pretty corpses they would make. Another man was softly whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Dick Saunders cursed the whistler, and some of the boys laughed. A blast of the bugle cut through the smoke-laden air. A shell screamed overhead. A minie ball wailed and shrieked the length of the line. Each man leaned forward in his saddle, and hitched his belt a notch tighter.

"Ta-ta. Ta-ta-ra. Ta-ta-ra-a-a-a!"

In ten seconds the company was making



a saber charge now historic. It was a cumbersome whirlwind of horse and rider, and above, the sheet lightning of flashing sabers. The lightning faded, and the sabers were dripping, but not with rain. A gray-sleeved arm was swinging a saber at his throat. Like a machine moving at higher speed, his own saber met and drove back that of the gray arm, and rested upon the cheek of the wielder. When his own saber swung to position its mark was upon the face. The face wavered for an instant, and then pitched forward. Was it a dead face? He never knew.

"Pa, did you ever *kill* a man when you was in the war?"

His pa, like one waking from a deep sleep, answered slowly, "Not that I know of, my son."

"Well, I'm awful glad you didn't," said the little boy, as he again moved closer to the side of his pa.

The little boy was sleepy and quite tired out when he reached the farm-house on the hill-slope. His ma heard them coming, and opened the big gate for them to drive into

the barnyard. As the little boy climbed out of the buggy and into the arms of his mother, he put his arms around her neck, kissed her, and exclaimed: "Oh, ma, I've had the best time! And I saw Judge Strong, and we ate dinner at his house, and pa knows nearly everybody, and he made a speech, and they nominated him for something, and his boy name was 'Pony,' and he could swim and tread water and lay his hair same as I can."

His ma kissed him for reply, and knew that the little boy and his pa had entered the Land of Companionship together.



# THE ACCOLADE



# THE ACCOLADE

BY LOUISE HERRICK WALL

**D**ICK DANA, a strong, well-groomed young fellow, stood staring down at the coals in the grate, taking his punishment, if the truth be told, in rather sullen fashion.

"Of course," Rosalie Thornby was saying in her sweet high voice, letting her wide-apart eyes rest on him calmly in the half-obscurity of the room, "of course, I don't pretend that there is anything exceptional in myself that justifies me in demanding a hero in the man I marry, but I think all women, now-a-days, ask too little—except fetching and carrying—of the men. There was a time when a man won his spurs before he expected to win a woman."

Dick shifted his weight.

"I know," she said, leaning forward and

frowning into the fire, "you would like to remind me that you are lieutenant in the swellest company of the swellest regiment in New York. I have not forgotten that, nor the cotillions that you lead so delightfully."

"Now look here, Miss Rosalie," broke in the victim, "it's hardly fair to spring all these ideas on a fellow without giving him a chance. I never knew you expected so much more of a man than other girls; and now you put me through a civil service examination without a chance to cram. You seemed to like to dance and all the rest of it, and I've never noticed that you demanded knight-errantry and that mediæval business of the other men."

"You are quite right," she replied with spirit. "I do not demand things of men who demand nothing of me. You said you wanted to know my idea of a man, and I have told you. To be the captain of toy soldiers or even to lead a cotillion through two seasons does not, somehow, strike my imagination. Nothing could show better how far apart we are than that the expres-

sion of my ideals should remind you of a civil service examination. You men of the North are so desperately utilitarian."

The challenge dropped unanswered, and she went on more gently: "I have an old coat of my fathers. He was what you would call a rebel, you know. It is the dirtiest, most faded old thing. There is a bullet-hole in the sleeve, and our Southern moths have tried to help the story by making a lot of other holes. It has seen real service, and somehow its dinginess takes the dazzle out of the gold lace you young fellows wear so jauntily."

Into the man's mind came the memory of a night spent in the Brooklyn streets: militiamen surrounded by a mob of strikers, an icy night sky from which the drizzle fell ceaselessly on a group of men squatting about a feeble bonfire; there were others, without blankets, who huddled in one of the deserted street cars, unable to sleep for the cold. Now and then came a quick closing in of the hooting mob, and a brick-bat or paving-stone crashed in a car-window or scattered the group about the fire. He re-



membered the rage of spirit under the cowardly attacks of the mob, the rasping inaction, the effort of holding men steady when their anger is your own. It came and went through the man's mind, and left a slight smile on his lip. The girl went on:

"I don't mean to be hard, Mr. Dana," she said, with a caressing accent that meant little from her, whose voice was full of pretty inflections, "but this is not a sudden caprice, as you seem to think. I was fourteen when my father died, and I will show you a silly thing I wrote then, and that I have scarcely looked at since."

As she moved across in the firelight to a clumsy old secretary and drew out the rods to support the leaf of the desk, Dana's gloomy eyes followed her instinctively.

"Shall I make a light?" he asked with constraint.

"No; I know how the paper feels."

She came back presently, and seating herself on the low corner seat, held a single limp sheet toward the fire. The light struck through the old-fashioned cross-barred French paper in a checker work of

half-luminous lines, and on the girl's broad forehead and parted hair. The envelope lying on her lap was labeled "May 4th, 1888." She glanced down the sheet. Then gravely handed it to Dana.

He found a number of short sentences, written with a fine-tipped pen in an unformed hand. Each clause was numbered, and the heading ran: "The Not Impossible."

1. He must not be less than twenty-six years old.
2. He must not wear jewelry.
3. He must not be facetious.
4. He must not *ever* blow.
5. He must not be a business man, if he can help it.
6. He must be sincere.
7. He must be brave.
8. He must have nice teeth.
9. He must not be fat or very handsome.
10. Above all he must be a man to be proud of.

The young man read through the child's list of requirements, twice over, and returned the paper stiffly.

"I feel honored to have been allowed to see the plans and specifications for your future husband, Miss Thornby. I hope he

will come up to expectations, but I think you would have saved yourself trouble in drawing up that paper if the first clause had simply called for a gentleman."

Presently, standing very straight, with his toes turned out, Dana was bowing himself manfully from the field of defeat. And so the solemn young things parted, too concerned with the business of living to taste the humor of life.

A few months later, in the early summer, Dana's widowed sister and her little boy, Jamie Talcott, were staying, not entirely by chance, in the same house where Rosalie Thornby was spending the summer, down at South Hampton. The Talcotts had only been down a few days, and Dana was to spend the week's end with his sister. On a sunny, breezy morning, the two women stood together at the end of the long porch absorbed in earnest talk. From time to time they glanced below to where Jamie, in the shadow of the house, threw up long lines of earthworks. As they talked, the girl gradually moved nearer to the mother;

then at some turn in the conversation impulsively clasped her hand over the older woman's, as it lay on the rail. The breeze playing upon them caught the folds of the girl's muslin dress, and for a moment wrapped the two figures together. Beyond the smooth dark head and the bright one lay the blue sea and the surf pounding in on the white sand. An arbor of leafy boughs, built for some festival, had turned brown and dry, making a rich blot of color on the sand, and beneath it lay a yet darker pool of shadow.

"And so I have waited to have it done again until Dick comes down," the mother was saying quietly. "He gets hold of Jamie better than I can, and has helped me before. I think the child bears it well for such a little fellow, but he is not much more than a baby."

The boy feeling their steady gaze upon him, looked up from the line of tin soldiers he was planting behind his redoubt, and scrambling to his feet, he called out:

"You better take care or you'll get your heads blown off."

He was still in petticoats, and it was not instantly that one realized that under the blue smock frock, fashioned like an artist's blouse, the boy's back was queer. He had a gallant little face, with steady, softly black eyes—like big black-heart cherries—and full bright lips.

"When the doctor comes, couldn't you let me help. I should love to sing for him—or—or anything," the girl urged.

"You might stay in the next room, and if we needed anyone else, we could call upon you. He has to be undressed, and the standing seems very long to him. No one need know you are there unless you choose."

The door was partly open between two of the upper bedrooms when the doctor came. A table with a folded blanket and sheet stood near the center of the room. Jamie sat half on and half off his mother's lap, screwing about uncomfortably while she tried to feed him from a cup in which bread crumbs and red beef juice made an unpleasant-looking mess. The spoon moved more and more slowly as the boy reluctantly

mouthed, and more reluctantly swallowed the food. The doctor was arranging a sort of hanging harness from the ceiling, and the boy's eyes followed his movements as he adjusted the pulley by which the harness was raised or lowered. Presently Jamie pushed the spoon aside petulantly.

"You must eat a big dinner this time, Jamie," Mrs. Talcott remonstrated. "Dr. Pangry is going to put a new jacket on you, and we want this one big enough to hold plenty of dinner."

The boy turned from these trivialities and said imperiously, "I want Uncle Dick." As he spoke came the sound of a brisk step and the clatter of a sword. Dana came in, in full-dress uniform, looking very slim and fit in the close gray, with white crossed shoulder-belts, epaulets, and white gloves.

"Corporal," he said sharply to the child, "salute!"

The boy slid from his mother's lap, stepped out in his bare feet from the entanglement of the shawl that had covered them, and raising his hand, palm out, to the fur-

like blackness of his soft straight hair, saluted his officer.

Motioning sternly to the half-empty cup, Dana said, "Corporal, rations!"

Jamie hesitated a second, then seizing the spoon, gulped hasty spoonfuls. When he had eaten all, he lifted his hand again, and said deferentially, "Were the sentries on duty at the door, sir, when you came in?"

Dana stepped back with measured tread, and opening the door, saw two tiny tin soldiers standing guard, one at each side of the entrance, while two others were lying covered over in a cigar-box half-filled with straw. He came back in a moment, saying:

"I have given them orders to let no one pass the lines without the countersign."

The doctor rolled the table under the suspended harness, examined the white rolled bandages on a small table at his right, felt the temperature of the water in the basin standing beside the bandages, glanced at his watch, and said cheerily:

"All ready, Mrs. Talcott!"

"Right about face!" was Dana's order.

Then falling in line, fitting his stride to the boy's step, the leader of cotillions marched his man up to the table. A small housemaid's ladder stood there.

"Mount!" came the order.

The corporal scrambled up, steadied himself with an effort, and stepped out upon the table, his eyes wide and earnest. The blue smock was unfastened and stripped down, leaving the child naked but for the plaster jacket covering his body—a body strangely thick through for the slender brown legs to support. The doctor laid the boy on his back, and with a few quick slashes cut down the front of the plaster cast, and took the child out from the mold that had encased his body for three months, as one might take a little brown almond out of its shell. The mother laid the useless husk gently aside, took from the doctor the undervest he had drawn off over the boy's head, and rolling up the sleeve of her summer dress, plunged one of the rolled bandages into the basin, squeezing and working it to allow the water to penetrate the whole wad. A fresh seamless vest was passed over the



boy's head, and drawn snugly down over the narrow hips.

"Attention!" called Dana. "Chest out! Stomach in! Eyes striking the ground at fifteen paces!"

The boy stood erect.

The collar of the harness was next fitted about the child's neck, the leather straps drawn close under chin and nape, and buckled. Then the doctor, pulling on the hoisting tackle, drew the tiny figure up until it was stretched out full length and almost lifted from its feet. The boy's eyes widened as he felt himself lifted by the head; but he had been by this way before, and he only set his soft lips until the fullness was pressed away.

"Now, my man, put up your hands and hold on to the tackle," the doctor coaxed.

Jamie turned his eyes to Dana, who nodded sharply. So up went two small dark hands, deeply veined with blue, and the little figure—heavy at the chest and light at the loins—was lifted yet higher, so that the babyish feet barely rested on the table.

Folded strips of white gauze were padded

about the bony prominences, and the crooked spine was filled out to offer an even surface, so that the child would not be chafed; then the doctor called for the first plaster bandage. Mrs. Talcott handed him the saturated roll of narrow white crinoline through which plaster of Paris had been sifted. The doctor laid an end upon the boy's side, well down over the abdomen, and gradually unrolling with one hand, modeled with the other the wet cloth about the upstretched figure.

Dana, meanwhile, walked slowly up and down before the table, keeping a keen eye on the boy's face squeezed into the leathern harness.

"Steady, corporal!" he called, when the boy sagged from weariness. But the room was for the most part very quiet except for the clatter of the sword, the even tread, or the sound of the doctor's hands on the wet bandages. Round and round the strips were wound in slow overlapping spirals, up to the hollow pits of the upraised arms, and down over the babyish paunch of the full stomach. The doctor seemed to be shaping

the child like dough between his palms, as he wound the pliant swathes close about him. Then Dana cleared his throat, and talked about his regiment. It would take at least a quarter of an hour for the plaster to set, a bad quarter of an hour to hang by the neck with arms clasped over the head, feet touching the table, chest out, stomach in, and eyes striking the ground at fifteen paces.

"We go to the drill because we must," Dana was saying; "and the men wear uniforms the color of your smock, with white bands crossed over their backs, and they march all together. When they cross the armory—like this, but all in a row—their legs make X, and you can see the light between in a pattern. It is night-time when they drill, and over their heads is a big round roof like in the railway station, and from the roof electric lights—big shining white eggs like Sinbad the sailor saw—shine down and make it almost as light as day. When the command comes to 'Order Arms!' down go the rifles with a big, big bang, and the noise goes rolling in the roof.

You'd think it was the big ball in the bowling alley up there over your head. Then the men march by fours, shoulder to shoulder, so close that you cannot even see the white cross-bands on their breasts. So close, corporal, that the long narrow line looks like a long blue scarf that is being shaken up and down with two hundred heads bouncing on top. Then the music plays and the men step out—all straight and soldierly. That's better, corporal! And when the captain tells us to kneel, we kneel, and when he tells us to fire, we fire. Every good soldier must do as he's told, and that makes a man of him after a while."

The little blue-veined hands took a fresh grip of the tackle overhead. "Sing about the 'eathen!" said the mouth that moved with effort in the leather harness.

Then Dick Dana sang, in a big, untrained voice, a tune of his own making, about:

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood  
an' stone ;  
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own ;

'E keeps 'is side-arms awful; 'e leaves 'em all about ;

An' then comes up the Regiment, an' pokes the 'eathen out.

The tune had a way of running out and leaving Dick Dana's big voice just talking the words loud, clear, and sing-songy.

The doctor had done his work and was washing the plaster from his hands before the raw recruit, disciplined by hard knocks into an honorable color-sergeant, led his men where

—the hugly bullets come peckin' through the dust ;

An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must.

The doctor felt the cast, snapped at it with thumb and finger, and the plaster gave back a sound. "Another minute," he commented.

And Dick Dana, with a fresh augmentation of sound and time, sang :

'E's just as sick as they are; 'is 'eart is like to split;  
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em, till 'e  
feels 'em take the bit ;

The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles  
play,  
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the  
charge that wins the day !

The doctor unclasped the weary hands from the tackle, unclasped the collar buckle, and lifted the small rigid body in the cast across his two arms, and laid the boy on his side on the table.

"Let him rest here for a few minutes, then put him to bed. He will sleep from exhaustion."

The mother covered him lightly, slipped a tiny pillow under his head, and followed the doctor out.

When they were alone, the young militiaman knelt down beside the table and looked into the face on the pillow, damp with perspiration and discolored about cheeks and chin by the pressure of the straps. The eyes were closed heavily, and regular breathing lifted the little warrior's corselet. Dana took off his plumed cap, and laid his firm ruddy cheek against the small relaxed hand that lay, palm up, uncurled languidly beside the sleeping boy.

He did not hear Rosalie cross the carpeted floor. She hesitated—then drawing his sword lightly from its scabbard, she touched his shoulder with the blade, saying

“Arise, sir knight! Be faithful, brave, and fortunate as on this day!”

Dana started to his feet—but softly, with an instinct not to arouse the child—and turning, saw the girl balancing the sword between her hands with a movement of sudden fear and flight about her posture.

“What do you mean?” he whispered.

“Don’t you know?” she smiled.

Then as his eyes kindled, she stepped aside, and leaning low over the child, kissed the red lips pressed out in happy sleep. Jamie stirred.

“Captain,” he murmured, “has some one crossed our lines?” Then more drowsily, “Relieve the sentry at the door, Uncle Dick. My men are—very tired.”

# A LOVE STORY





# A LOVE STORY

BY ANNIE WEBSTER

**I**T was not her first love. She had loved before, but never in this way. She looked with a certain pitying scorn on the fleeting attachments of two years, a year, six months ago. "I was very young then," she thought, looking up through the apple-blossom tree under which she lay.

She was ten years old now. Ten just the day before the day before yesterday. And day before yesterday was the first time she had seen Her. It had cost her a great deal to go to school that day. It was her birthday, and the sun shone. But she had gone. Things are very hard at times, but now how glad, how glad she was!

Now, lying under the apple blossoms, she made a great resolve. She would never catch on sleighs again. Supposing it had

been winter, and a sleigh had come by and she had caught on, and She had seen her! Oh, perhaps She had seen; perhaps that was the reason why She had not even looked at her in school yet. Solemn tears came to her eyes. "I will wash the dishes every day, every day, without being asked," she thought.

If her legs were only thin! She had such lovely thin legs. And blue eyes, truly blue, instead of all sorts of colors mixed up. And her hair was long and braided, and had a little point at the end instead of twisting up and rumpling up, especially in church, until you were simply obliged to take your hat off or suffocate.

Perhaps She would have spoken that very morning if her hair had been different. No one understood. No one cared. She had not seen Her for two days, and just that morning she was looking in the glass to see if she had not changed at all, or grown very pale, when her mother began to twist the end of her braid around and around, and there it was all turned up again. No one understood; no one in the

whole world—except God. He must. How near the blue sky seemed beyond the apple blossoms!

Suddenly she saw her brother come out on the piazza, look around, and then steal softly back of the house. "He's after my things, I bet," and she sprang up and after him; but she stopped in the midst of her run, hesitated, turned back, and then ran eagerly after him again. "I'll show him where I've hid the treasure, and I'll let him have my bower up in the tree," she thought. She ran on, tripped, and tore her dress. Her brother saw her coming, and fled precipitately over the fence. Then she leaned her head against a tree and looked down at her torn dress, and a great wave of sadness came over her. "Mother will scold, too, I suppose. No one knows how changed I am. I am going to die pretty soon, I guess."

The next day she went early to school and laid an armful of apple blossoms on Her desk. Then she crept softly out and lingered at the school gate, watching. But when She came near, walking quite slowly

—not running at all, in fact, or even skipping—with her “geography” under her arm; with her truly blue eyes; with her hair which did not rumple or twist, but which ended in a little point; with her thin legs; the little girl’s courage failed. She turned back, and walked slowly up the school walk. Her heart beat fast. “Maybe she’ll catch up and speak to me.” But She came up the walk behind, not even trying to step over all the cracks. “Maybe she’ll fall down and break her leg, and I’ll have to go for the doctor.” But no; it did not seem to occur to Her even to see how many steps She could jump up. The little girl hid herself behind the cloak-room door, and watched through the chink to see if She would see the apple blossoms. Her desk was covered with them, so She broke off several twigs all pink and white, and taking up the others, threw them from the window. There were too many. She would have had no place to write on. “They were just common things. I’d ought to have brought lilies or roses or something lovely,” moaned the little girl in the cloak-room. She did not ven-

ture in until the others came. Then she saw that She had pinned the apple-blossom twigs on her dress.

She wouldn't have pinned them on if she had minded their being so common! How beautiful the world was! How could any one ever be bad! How good God was! She couldn't have minded it! Passing Her desk she looked right at Her, and said softly, "Thank you." Then she rushed on, her heart beating.

But at her own desk, from where she could see the thin legs coming down below the seat, and above, the lovely braid, all but the little point, her heart sank. She realized now how the deformed man in her street felt. "Why does God make some people so nice and some so horrid?" she thought in despair. At recess, however, she was obliged to pass Her desk often. At last the bell struck, and as she went to her seat she said to Her:

"Hello!"

"Hello!" said the other little girl.

The next day they became intimate friends. The new scholar's name was Rosalie. The little girl was not surprised.

She had known from the beginning it must be that—that or Violet. Her own was only Jessie.

There was another girl of the same age, whose name was Lilian. These three used to walk home together, arm in arm, talking very fast, and quite oblivious of the ordinary human being, except when he, by chance, plucked up courage to beg to be permitted to pass. They had the power of seeing who it was without looking or pausing and overheard his request, granted it graciously, or swept past in a rush of indignation, in accordance with some delicate mind-process.

Rosalie and Lilian lived on adjacent streets, Jessie further on, so they separated one by one. One day Jessie asked Rosalie to walk on to the next corner. She did it. Then Jessie walked back again. That could not happen often, however, for Rosalie's mother had said she must come right home from school.

Some people were so different from other people. Rosalie was never bad, never! Lilian was lovely, too, though she sometimes did things. And some people were so

bad. They didn't mean to be, but it just came. Rosalie really liked to put on her best clothes. It was true, She did. And they must have been just as uncomfortable as other people's.

The little girl looked up at the trees overhead with their fresh little green leaves, and the blue sky beyond. A song she had heard one day in the Sunday-school came to her mind. She could remember only detached lines, and she hummed them as she went:

“Yield not to temptation,  
For yielding is sin.”

Rosalie didn't.

“Each victory will help you  
Some other to win.  
Strive manfully onward,  
Dark passions subdue—”

The sunlight danced among the little green leaves, but the little girl did not notice it. Looking up beyond, she repeated, absorbed in determination:

“Dark passions subdue.”



A boy whistled to her from across the street, but she did not hear him. She looked around with grave eyes. Near her was a half-built house, with a quantity of waste wood lying around it. Suddenly Jessie sprang toward it and began to gather a big bundle, as much as she could carry. She was obliged to lay her books down, and forgot them as she trudged away. "I'll take it to the Poor Woman across the bridge," she thought. The load grew very heavy, and her heart filled with solemn joy. "Dark passions subdue," she sang softly to herself.

The load grew heavier. The world was very sad. There was this Poor Woman. Then the deformed man. And all the bad people. "I must be cheerful, though," she thought. "She would be."

There was no one in sight at the Poor Woman's house. Jessie laid her bundle down at the door very softly, and then ran away as fast as she could, her shoes clattering on the loose board sidewalk as she ran. When she stopped, out of breath, the whole world was glowing in a golden mist. Noth-

ing was quite clear before her eyes, not the flowers, nor the trees with their little leaves, not even the blue sky. She had never been so happy before. "Rosalie, Rosalie, Rosalie," she sang as she skipped along. Then, as she came near her home, a feeling of solemn responsibility came over her. "I'll make Tom learn that song, too," she said; and she repeated it, looking up at the sky:

"Dark passions subdue."

The days slipped past. The three girls had been intimate friends four weeks. Rosalie and Lilian studied their geography together; Jessie lived too far away. They knew each other's inmost souls, and were closely united by a common passion for the teacher. They invented a cipher, the explanation of which each kept hidden away in the most secret part of her desk. It worked beautifully, for each one was permitted to add a new sign whenever it seemed necessary. Then they would read the accumulated notes on the way from school, and laugh, and it made the other girls simply wild. They likewise gathered

large thorns, and swore to prick their fingers and write all very important notes in their blood. These notes were to be kept forever. However, an insurmountable difficulty presented itself—the pricking hurt. So a bottle of red ink was substituted.

It was in black ink, however, that a note was written by the little girl one morning. The name was signed in blood, and a rose was thrust through the middle of the note. The contents were as follows:

“ I can come and study geography this afternoon.”

Rosalie read it, and passed it over to Lilian when Jessie did not see. They looked at each other a minute, without speaking, and then Rosalie wrote in answer:

“ We aren't going to study this afternoon.”

We plan and arrange for everything, and then nothing comes of it. Life is bitterly hard. Perhaps God means that we shall be very unhappy most of the time, so that we shall get to be good sooner.

But the next day Rosalie wrote a note in cipher saying that she could come over after

school. That day the world took hands with Jessie, and danced with her along the way.

A week later she said again that she could come over and study geography. Lilian looked at Rosalie. "We don't study together any more," she said to Jessie. "Didn't you know?" In fact, it was arithmetic they studied together now.

The next day Rosalie stayed after school to help the teacher. "She's always doing something lovely," thought Jessie. She looked around for Lilian, but could not see her. She walked down the path very, very slowly, hoping Rosalie would catch up. Then she waited at the gate, but Rosalie did not come.

"She'll be very pale to-morrow," thought Jessie, lost in wistful admiration, as she at last turned away alone.

The next day they all walked home together, arm in arm; but the next Lilian had to stay to arrange her books. Rosalie waited for her. "Don't you wait," she said to Jessie. "Two don't need to, and I will." The next day Rosalie forgot something, and

went back to look for it. The other two waited for a while at the gate, then Lilian went back to look for Rosalie. Jessie waited longer, then she went to look, but there was no one in the building—not in the recitation-rooms—not in the cloak-rooms—not even behind the doors.

For a week after that they all walked home together, arm in arm, discussing "standings" and other little girls' hair, and deciphering letters, oblivious as ever of the intruding wayfarer. After that Rosalie stayed after school every day. At first Lilian did not wait. Then she did.

A sense of deep unworthiness deepened each day in Jessie as she went down the walk alone. "She was so lovely, I guess I forgot to be good." Through the tears in her eyes she saw Her before her in all her unapproachable perfection. The truly blue eyes, the braid with the little point, the thin legs—she had seen all these things from the first. But it was not until they became intimate friends that she had understood what She really was.

But it was almost more than human

strength could bear, walking home alone. One day she waited behind the school until they had come out together. Then she ran across the fields and came up to Rosalie alone near her home. "Rosalie!" she called out. Rosalie did not seem to hear. "Rosalie!" Rosalie turned and waited for her.

"Don't you like me any more, Rosalie?" cried the little girl.

"We're tired of you always hanging round," said Rosalie.

The little girl turned back. She sobbed as she ran, "She might have told me so before! She might have told me so before!"

Whether it was three weeks or three years that now passed is a matter of slight importance. But it was a very, very long time. Sorrow ages a person, and she was quite changed. Sometimes she forgot all when she was reading or playing ball, but later she remembered again. At night she always remembered. One night she could not sleep. Every now and then she would get up and look out of the window to see if it was not morning, until at last about ten o'clock she cried herself to sleep.

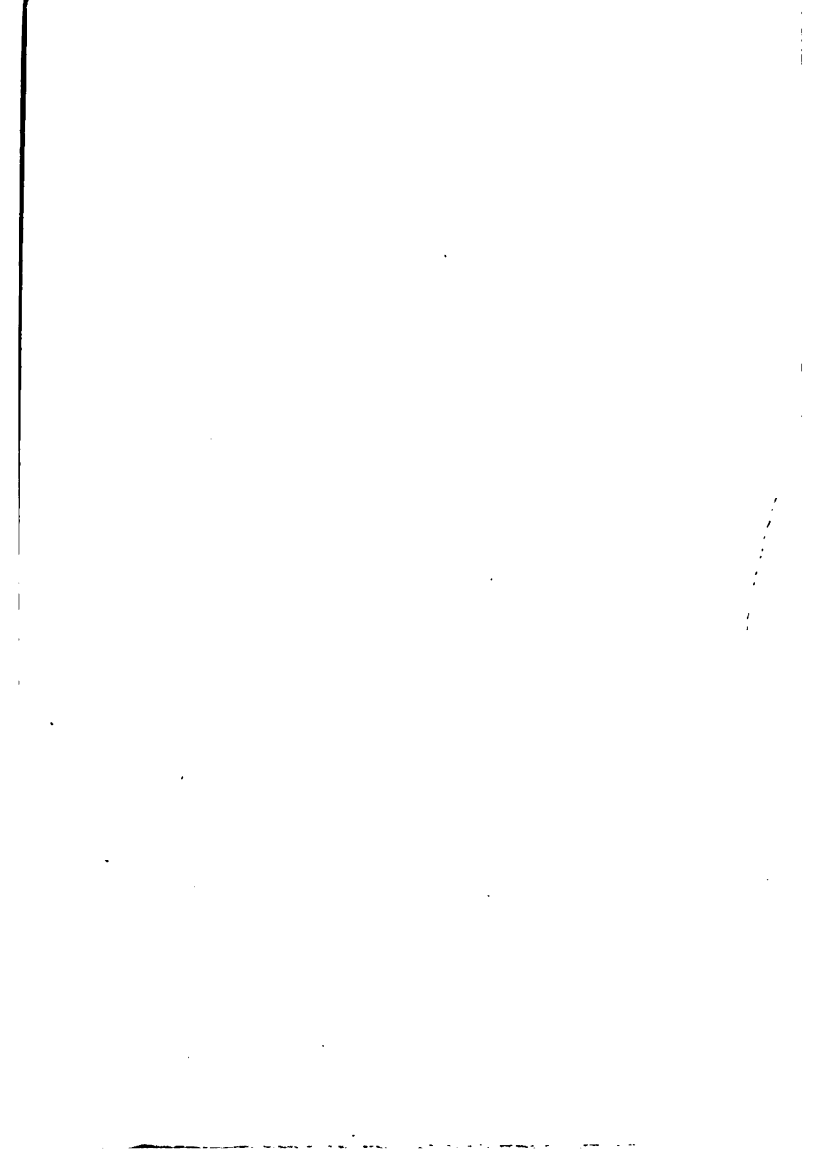
But the last day of school came. The "standings" were read aloud. Rosalie stood first, Jessie second, and Lilian third in the grade. For a moment the world grew bright again. Then she saw Rosalie and Lilian sitting in the same seat, comparing "standings."

School was over and a very long time passed. One day Jessie was walking along the street when she heard some one running behind her. She turned and saw Rosalie. Rosalie had a bunch of flowers in her hand.

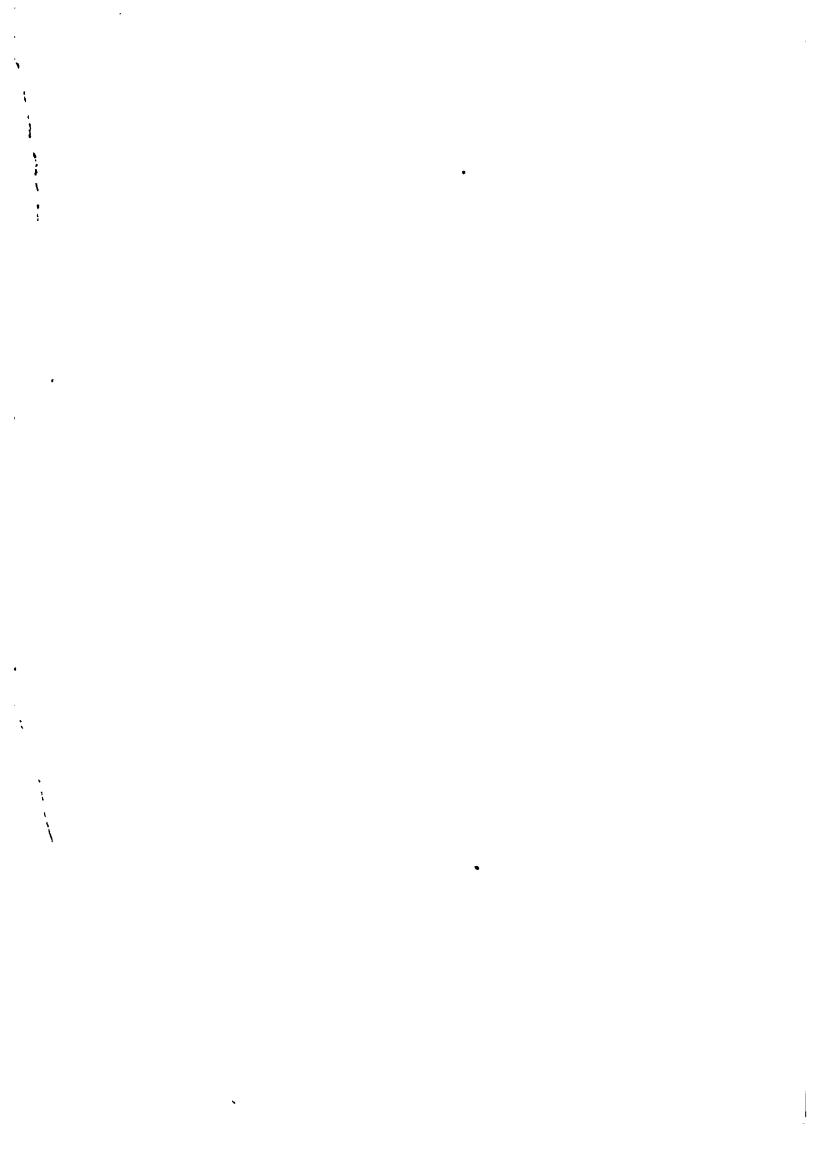
"Don't you want one?" she asked. Jessie took it, and they walked side by side. After a minute Jessie turned to Her. "Can you ever forgive me?" she asked in a whisper, her lips trembling.

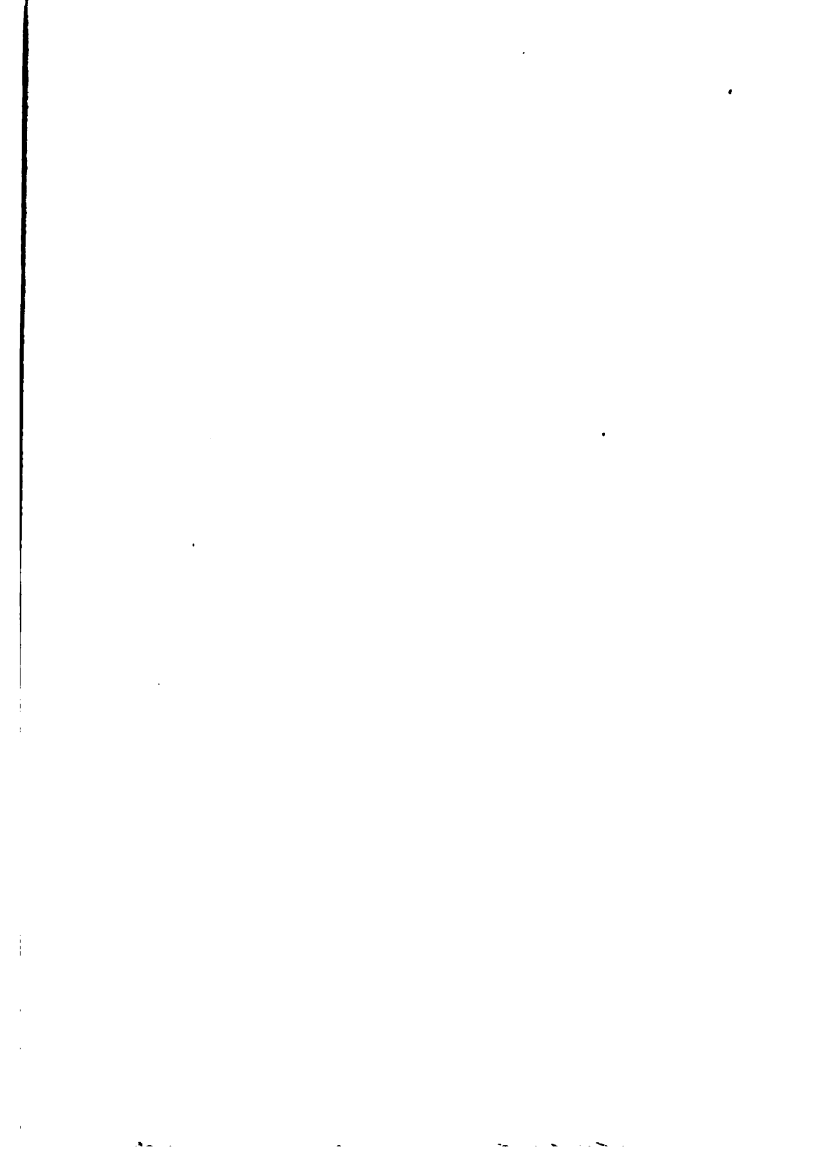
Rosalie was deeply moved. She threw her arms around Jessie and kissed her. "Of course I can," she cried.

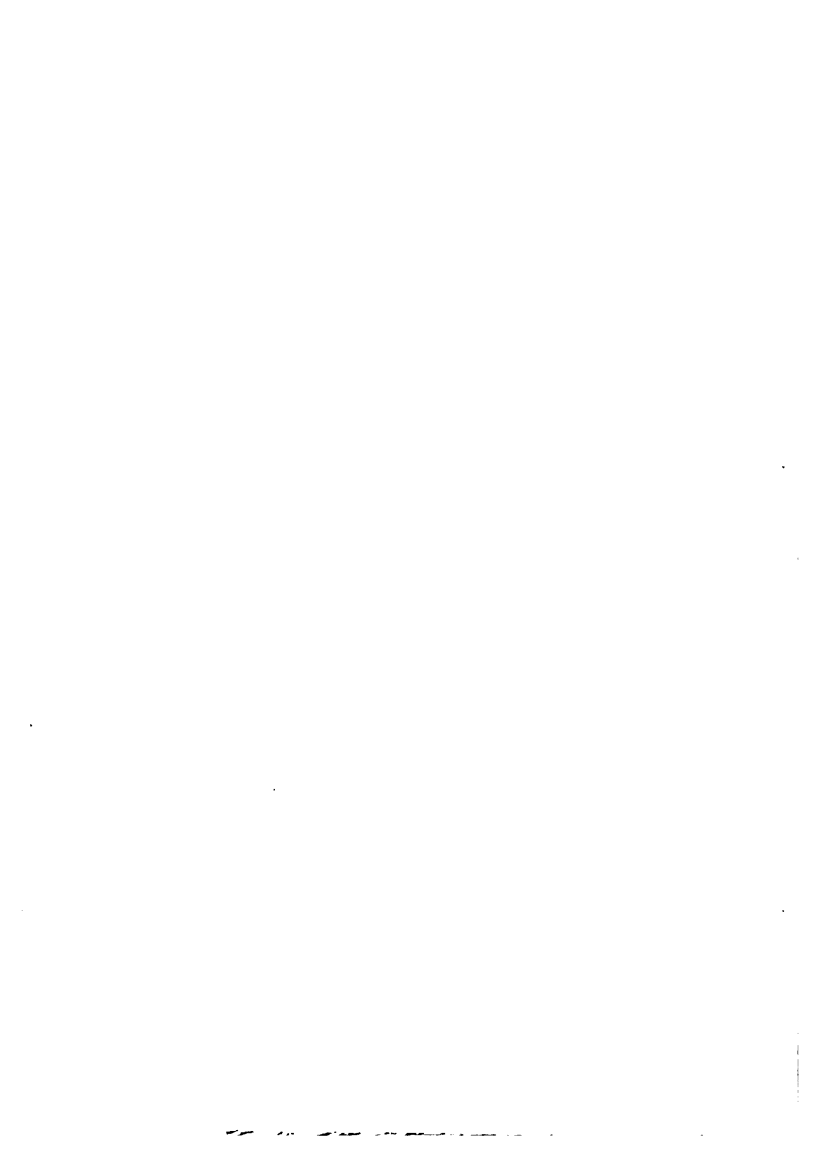
They walked on with their arms around each other's waists. Jessie did not speak. There are no words for such things. For she knew now that they were intimate friends forever. Forever and ever.



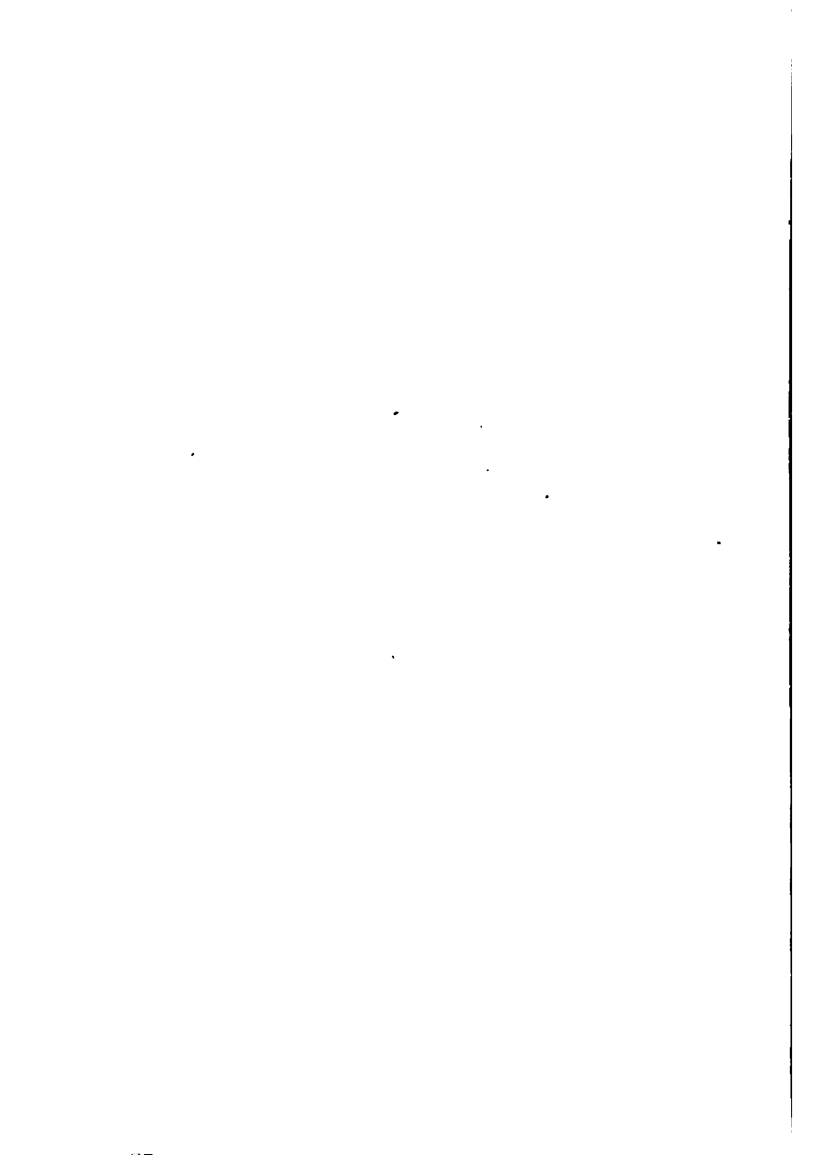




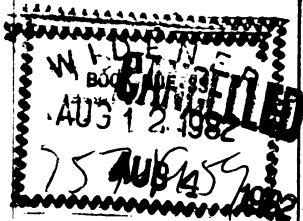








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